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No. 440

AN IDYL OF THE KING.

BY T. C. HARBAUGH.

- There goes the king, so young and fair, His smile and laugh so debonair!
- He smiled on me, the rustic maid, And I shrunk from him, half-afraid,
- The ring that glistens on his hand Would purchase all my father's land!
- The maiden looked from eyes of blue, And saw the courtly retinue;
- But more she saw: upon the grass, Glittering like a bead of glass,
- A wondrous ring! It made her start; She felt the beating of her heart!
- 'He lost the ring—this king of ours, He dropped it here among the flowers.
- I'll send it to the palace: no! I'll take it there myself, when low
- The sun has sunk behind the west, And twilight dons her starry crest! So to the palace went the maid, Trembling, blushing, still afraid.
- She found the king in robes of state Beyond the lofty, guarded gate.
- My ring! ha! ha!" the monarch said. The gentle maiden hung her head.
- Nay, maid; I left it there for thee! It fits thy pretty finger:—see!
- Here in the palace thou shalt dwell, A rose transplanted from the dell;
- No maid of honor! far above That station in this court of love!"
- The maiden quickly raised her head: No palace home for me!" she said.
- I have a home, sire. Let me go Back to the summer winds that blow
- 'Tis true our cottage home is small, And bare, perhaps, the darkened wall
- But peace is there! My heart is free! Here in the palace would it be?
- Nay, let me go!" she pleading said!" And blessings on thy kingly head!"
- The monarch smiled and whispered low As thou hast chosen, maiden, go!"
- He blushed for shame, then lost his voice Before the artless maiden's choice!
- When Bethel awoke she was dazzled, first by | sarv to keep herself closely vailed. Bethel threw !

and his sincere blue eyes, they would not be shanished; and she seemed to feel and share, in her own soul, the pain she had given the friend of her childhood and youth.

"But I could not marry him," she moaned.

"I could only do as I have done. And, perhaps, very soon, Harry will forget his love for me, and, looking back upon to-day, say, 'I am glad Bethel Foss refused to marry me!' And yet I do not like to think that he may feel and say those very words," she added, still studying the fleeting scenery. "I wonder why it is that I am so selfish, that I must needs wish to retain all the love that ever has been mine? Shall I never find any so satisfying that I can willingly, gladly, fling all other affections aside?"

Thus Bethel sought to read, and could not, the mystery of her nature, her slowly-developing woman-soul. She knew that love was dear to she, that her life reveled in its fervent glow as a flower revels in the hot kisses of the sun; but could she ever give such passion as it pleased the received Sometimes she felt vaggley.

could she ever give such passion as it pleased her to receive? Sometimes she felt, vaguely, that as yet she had never sounded the capabili-ties of her own heart; and, again, she believed that her girlish fickleness could be tutored by her will to fix the all of its discovered affection upon one object.

upon one object.
But, presently, from trying to understand herself, her mind reverted to her father, as she had left him sitting in his study, overcome with weariness and grief. What will he do now, she questioned, thinking of the bitter loss that had visited their home? And what would he think if he knew where was his daughter, and on what errand bound? And, lastly, Bethel's thoughts flew on to her meeting with her darkeyed lover. How would Rial—
"Ticket, please!"

"Ticket, please!"
The quick, business-like tone of the conductor interrupted Bethel's meditations. She looked up, startled.
"I have no ticket," she responded, handing

him a bill.
"From where?" he questioned, looking at her

scrutinizingly.
"From Greenwilde to New York," with quiet

The conductor gave her her change and passed on, while Beth, recalled from her dreamings, somewhat furtively took note of her surroundsomewhat furtively took note of her surroundings; and it was this interested scrutiny that showed her that the seat just in front of her, which she had deemed vacant, had been occupied and probably would be soon again. A gentleman's high hat was in the rack above it, and papers, magazines, and a small sachel, with long strap attached—a handsome bag, with a name engraved upon its plate which she could have read by leaning forward a trifle—lay upon the cushion. Having finished her survey of her fellow-passengers, Bethel turned wearily to the window again. The train made an occasional stoppage, flying along madly between-times, and window again. The train made an occasional stoppage, flying along madly between-times, and yet it seemed to her that time lagged terribly and the great city she was so anxious to reach was as far as ever in the distance. In truth, her physical weariness and the monotonous painfulness of her thoughts were rapidly exhausting. Bethel's energy, and telling upon her nervous force, despite her strong, youthful constitution; and, at last, after heroic efforts to conquer the lethargy that threatened to overcome her, she

when Bethel awoke she was dazzled, first by long rows of gas-lamps, where before had been lying and her dead parent, of her living and her dead parent, of her living and her dead parent, of her home, and of Rial.

She wondered where it was that Harry had gone on business, and if he had carried away within her own bosom, though she was going to meet her lover. Try as she might to put away from her recollections of his handsome, honest face, and his sincere blue eyes, they would not be banished; and she seemed to feel and share, in her own soul, the pain she had given the friend of her childhood and youth.

"But I could only do as I have done. And, per-

self, she sat up straight, and pulled her cloak into prim preciseness, and rearranged her hat, and—all ready to alight—sat regarding the gentlemen in the seat in front of her—for she had discovered that there were two.

It was very rude, she said to herself, indignantly, that they should have been staring at her while she slept. But then Bethel was unconscious of what a strange sight it was to these gentlemen to see a young lady, and she had impressed them with the surety of her claim to that title, traveling alone at midnight; and was equally unconscious of what a very charming face hers was, when studied; and how especially charming, when its oval, snowy fairness was flushed at the rounded cheeks with the soft peachy bloom of sleep, and her brown hair was clustered, with warm moisture, into a circle of

was flushed at the rounded cheeks with the soft peachy bloom of sleep, and her brown hair was clustered, with warm moisture, into a circle of bewitching little rings about her temples.

But, despite the one fault in which he had been detected, Miss Foss decided that the offender and his companion were gentlemen. Their traveling-dress was unexceptionally plain but stylish; and the owner of the guilty, deep, liquid eyes, was a man of exceeding beauty; something above the medium hight, with complexion, golden hair, and long, fair drooping mustaches, so in contrast to his brown eyes, and darkly-defined brows, and fringe-like lashes, that one easily guessed him to inherit the characteristics and nature of two nationalities. From the moment Bethel's eyes ran over his handsome form, the white, aristocratic hand with which he stroked his yellow mustaches, and the perfectly chiseled beauty of his blonde face, she unreservedly admitted him to be the handsomest man she had ever seen. His age she could not attempt to decide; and she turned to scrutinize his companion—a younger, shorter, darker man, with a pleasant but rather massive sne could not attempt to decide; and sne turned to scrutinize his companion—a younger, shorter, darker man, with a pleasant but rather massive face, and a mouth in whose expression sweet-ness and shyness were as clearly defined as a

woman's.

"Max," said the younger man, "is it not time you were gathering up these traps? We shall be in the depot in five minutes, now."

"I suppose so," answered the gentleman addressed as Max, indolently bestirring himself to gather up the books and papers and crowd them into his coat pocket and sachel. "I'll put yours in with mine. You must come with me to-nicht." in with mine. You must come with me to-night,

my boy."
"Oh, it is not worth while," dissented his

companion.

"Yes it is. We will drive to the Brunswick and get a good supper, which will be a jolly treat after knocking about in a half-civilized country so long; and there will be no sense in your going further than my rooms, after." And as the train slackened speed, and swept under the arches of the great depot, the gentleman resumed his high hat, flung his sachel carelessly over his shoulder, and, with a quick, half-curious glance at Bethel, followed his friend toward the forward door.

"Jack," he exclaimed, as they swung themselves down from the still moving train, "I'd selves down from the still moving train, "I'd

selves down from the still moving train, "I'd like to know why that very pretty girl is traveling alone. By the way," he added, suddenly, "I am half inclined to keep my eye upon her, until I see her safe under some one's care. Walk a little slower."

bewildered."

"That," said the policeman, tersely, with a slight wave of his hand. He did not give much heed to the young lady. His attention was engressed by a foppishly-dressed man who had emerged from the depot and stood upon the walk swinging a cane and watching the various

passengers.

"That chap belongs to the light-fingered gentry," remarked the policeman, to himself.
"I wonder what job he is looking for?" But when the "chap" in question crossed Forty-second street and took his way to the westward, the policeman allowed his further interest in him to become passive.

"The lady cannot be going far," said the gentleman who had been called Jack, when he heard Bethel's question regarding Fifth avenue.
"Suppose we take a carriage to the cafe, and tell cabby to drive slowly? We can watch her just as well."

tell cabby to drive slowly? We can watch her just as well."

"All right," assented his friend; and presently, from the open carriage window, they were watching the lonely young lady, who, having reached the broad thoroughfare, seemed sure of her way and walked swiftly and confidently. The street was well lighted, and the moon, too, shone brightly; so that when the graceful figure turned into Forty-first street, glancing up at the numbers of the houses, Max replied to the driver's inquiry as to whether he should turn aside from the avenue.

"Oh, no; it is not worth while; drive on! And good-by, pretty one," he added, laughingly apostrophizing Bethel from the carriage window, as the driver gave the whip to the horses. "I must confess I should not like a sister of mine to be wandering around this way."

to be wandering around this way.'

THE LOST LAMB. "Full well the busy whisper, circling round, Convey'd the dismal tidings."

Convey'd the dismal tidings."

WITHIN the memory of the inhabitants of Greenwilde, there had never been a funeral so largely attended, as regarded congregation, nor so slightly, as regarded mourners, as was the funeral of Mrs. Foss.

In all country villages, but, perhaps, most of all in a New England village, ill-news and scandal travel with almost telegraphic swiftness. While one vainly speculates as to how tidings can so soon be disseminated among a population

can so soon be disseminated among a population necessarily spending the greater part of its time upon household and business occupations, and

that the affair would end in this way; Bethel Foss had been spoiled by indulgence; it hoped the parson could realize that fact now; what a good thing it was that his wife had died before this disgraceful occurrence. Greenwilde knew, too, though the knowledge must have come to it with surprising suddenness, that Bethel's conduct had helped to kill her mother; Mrs. Foss had grieved herself to death over her daughter's self-willed preference for Andral, and the shameful way in which she had treated Harry Sewall; for, somehow, it had been an accepted fact, since Bethel had worn the shortest dresses and Harry had first donned long trowsers, that these two were to "make a match." And after all this iniquity on Bethel's part, to think of her deserting her poor father and going to the city, alone, at night, to meet her lover, by appointment, and sail with him for Europe in the morning! There was nothing concerning the movements of the parson's daughter which Greenwilde did not assume to know, and did not consider itself bound to criticise!

ments of the parson's daughter which Greenwilde did not assume to know, and did not consider itself bound to criticise!

The preparations for the burial of Mrs. Foss
had gone too far to be delayed even in the face
of Bethel's dreadful absence; and every one was
curious to attend this funeral, where there
would be but one mourner, and to see how the
good parson would look and act under the double
calamity that had befallen him. As the hour of
service approached the church was thronged—
not only with a sad and sympathizing audience,
sincerely mourning the death of a gentle, benevolent lady, but with a curious, eager, gossiping
crowd, as well; and when the awesome tolling
of the bell announced that the funeral cortege
had left the parsonage, and was wending its
way toward the church, an air of expectancy
was evinced, equal to that with which the audience at a fashionable wedding awaits the coming of the full-dressed bride. Presently the
clergyman, who had been summoned from a
neighboring village to officiate, appeared at the
church door, open book in hand, and advanced
up the aisle reading aloud a portion of the
solemn burial service. Following him came the
funeral train; and a hardly suppressed bustle
passed over the congregation, and necks were
eagerly craned to see who followed the coffin to
the seat reserved for the mourners.

Perhaps, after all, Miss Foss had returned to
attend her mother's funeral. But—no! Only
the parson, and just behind him the faithful
Jemima, walked slowly after the pall-bearers!
Meaning glances were sent from eye to eye, and
to the Greenwilde population the parson's daughter was Bethel Foss no longer, but Mrs. Rial
Andral.

The funeral services were lengthy and im-

Andral.

The funeral services were lengthy and impressive; and over Mrs. Foss's coffin, down upon the fragile hands, clasped tranquilly above the peaceful breast, many sorrowing tears were dropped, beside those shed by her husband and Miss Pierce. But, despite much sincere mourning, there were strange whisperings during that period of confusion that generally occurs at a period of confusion that generally occurs, at a village funeral, while the audience is looking its last on the face of the dead, and repairing to the carriages; and this time, not Bethel's name, alone, was the theme of conversation. Rumors were repeated in which the parson himself was strangely mentioned; and had he not been so wrapped in grief, he might have detected some oddly critical and even contemptuous glances cast upon him as he passed. But if Mr. Foss failed to see the curious regard of which he was eriod of confusion that generally occurs, at a ailed to see the curious regard of which he was he object, Jemima's eyes were more keen. Under her breath, she whispered:

Under her breath, she whispered:

"The gapin' idiots! It's a pity these ain't Bible days and the good Lord warn't here with his whip, to drive them all about their business! I wonder they hain't got the common sense to know the poor man has enough to bear, without their a-glarin' at him just to see how bad he feels consarnin' Mis' Foss's death, and whether he believes them trumpery lies they're tellin' 'bout Beth! Of course he don't! No more do I, and I'll tell' em so, mighty quick, if they say anythin' to me about it! Bethel run off to get married the night after her mother's death, indeed! She's never done it in the world, as I told that sneakin' Mis' Jarvis. There's the varmint, now, a-puttin' on such a sorrowful face, when no doubt she's tellin' every one all she knows, and a little more, too, about our house!"

house!"
And Jemima was not so far wrong. No person could ever repeat precisely what Mrs. Jarvis had told, nor, indeed could the report be traced back entirely to her as its originator; but, certainly, by the time the bereaved husband and his faithful housekeeper were once more at home, and Mr. Foss was anxiously conversing with a couple of his deacons, who had been acting in his behalf in tracing Beth, there was afloat in Greenwilde still more exciting gossip, than that of the morning, concerning the family at the parsonage.

that of the morning, concerning the family at the rarsonage.

"Then you have really no news for me?" asked the desolate clergyman of the deacons.

"Very little, brother Foss," answered Deacon Strict. "Without doubt Miss Foss took the express, last night, to New York. Miles Haines is sure of it. She came running up the hill, from this way, just in time to get the train, and she had on such clothes as your Jemima said she wore, with a thick vail tied over her face. Haines helped her on the cars and he thought then 'twas her; and when she dropped her pocketbook, and called out, and he picked it up for her, he knew her voice."

The parson leaned his face wearily upon his hand.

nand.
"Is that all? Surely you have telegraphed?"
"Oh, yes," said Deacon Peck, "we have telegraphed to the Police Department and to the Andral chap."
"Oh, she has never gone to meet him!" asserted the father, momently raising his head

upon household and business occupations, and where there is no town-crier, nor even a morning nor evening paper, the fact still remains that in some wonderfully rapid manner the intelligence has traveled the length and breadth of the township.

So it was upon the day the parson's wife was to be buried. Every one in Greenwilde had heard of Bethel Foss's strange disappearance—her rumored elopement upon the night preceding her mother's funeral. In fact, every one knew, and, according to their own assertions, had known all along, of her infatuation for the dark, wealthy stranger, who had been staying at the Mansion House. Wise Greenwilde shook its head, and remarked, sagely, that it had always thought



Whom Will She Marry? BETH FOSS,

The Parson's Daughter.

BY A PARSON'S DAUGHTER, AUTHOR OF "PRETTY PURITAN," ETC.

CHAPTER VII. A RASH STEP. 'Rashness and haste make all things unsecure.

"Rashness and haste make all things unsecure."
In a long linen cloak and brown straw English walking-hat, with its silk trimmings and mottled wing upon the side, Bethel Foss, when she started upon her lonely night journey, looked very plain and ladylike, and not at all likely to attract to herself any unpleasant notice.

Over her hat she had tied a thick dark vail, anxious that the moonlight should tell no tales concerning her identity; and as she hurried along the damp, fragrant country road—a littleused thoroughfare, but the nearest way from the depot to the parsonage—clasping tightly in her small gloved hand her portemonnaie, she resolved not even to buy her ticket at the Greenwilde depot, in order to avoid observation, and any outgrowing village scandal. But trienwhilde depot, in order to avoid observa-tion, and any outgrowing village scandal. But this course was indeed thrust upon her; for though she was already hurrying, she heard the whistle of the approaching train while still quite a space intervened between herself and the depot.

It never occurred to Beth that in this little incident might lay a Providential interdict upon the fulfillment of her plan. She thought, rather, that nothing now should interfere with her purpose; and gathering up her skirts, she ran with all the graceful speed and motion her country life had made natural to her; arriving upon the

life had made natural to her; arriving upon the platform just as the glimmering row of cars came putting and panting to a momentary standstill, and breathlessly rushed across the up-track toward the nearest carriage.

"That's a drawing-room car, miss," called a voice from behind her, and a man sprung down upon the rails and hurried her along the track to the nearest passenger-coach, swinging her light form upon the steps, just as the train resumed its motion.

Oh! my pocket-book!" exclaimed Miss Foss,

"Oh! my pocket-book!" exclaimed Miss Foss, in distress.

If Miles Haines, the station-agent, had not been sure before of the identity of the vailed lady he had helped upon the train, he was positive, as he picked up the missing valuable and ran beside the now rapidly-moving cars, to hand it to its fair owner, that she was none other than Bethel Foss, the parson's daughter.

The feeling of strangeness and loneliness which Miss Foss experienced as she walked into the dimly-lighted car, where there were but few ladies, and all with escorts, and many gentlemen who turned a cursory glance upon the tall, slender figure, with its neat traveling-dress and closely-valled face, was something quite new to closely-vailed face, was something quite new to her. She nestled into the furthest corner of the first unoccupied seat, and presently the attention of the passengers reverted to their books and papers, or the dreams from which they had been momentarily aroused by the stopping of the train. Then, thinking it no longer neces-

of that other fateful letter Harry had brought him, and scarcely heeded Deacon Strict's closing

words.

"So, you see, there ain't much doubt, in most folks' mind, as to where Miss Foss has gone."

"But we'll do all we can for you, brother Foss," remarked Deacon Peck, kindly; "we'll let you know the moment we get any further news—a message from the police or Andral."

"I wonder if I had better go to New York myself!" suggested Mr. Foss, irresolutely, at first.

It won't do no good," announced brother Strict, decidedly.

But the clergyman made up his mind, quite regardless of the advice of this prominent mem-

regardless of the advice of this prominent member of his flock.

"Indeed, I must go! I must go!" he said, getting up and walking the floor, nervously.

"I can catch the express, and if any one can find Bethel I can! I will tell Jemima to pack my sachel immediately."

Deacon Strict was severely silent; but Deacon Peck remarked, soothingly:

"I don't know, after all, but it's the best thing you can do, parson. It may take your mind off

you can do, parson. It may take your mind off your other affliction; and who knows but what, after all, as you say, you're the best one to find your daughter. You'll get home in time for the official meeting, Saturday night?"

"Yes, yes," said Mr. Foss, excitably, as the deacons rose to depart.

official meeting, Saturday night?"

"Yes, yes," said Mr. Foss, excitably, as the deacons rose to depart.

That night Jemima was left to indulge her grief by herself, and to keep the parsonage free from intruders. While Mr. Foss, being whirled toward the great city, had ample opportunity, as Bethel had had under similar circumstances, to review the startling events that had followed each other so rapidly within the past forty-eight hours. But, unlike his daughter, though suffering from severe mental and physical exhaustion, his less youthful and buoyant constitution found no relief in sleep. So, thinking busily, his mind dwelt upon the remarkable fate which had given back to Bethel a mother just at the time when she had lost one; and again he wondered, as he had in those first moments of wild apprehension at Bethel's flight, if it could be possible that his daughter had seen and been influenced by the letter from the lawyers, relating to Madame De Witt—as that lady still preferred to call herself, in consideration of her long abandonment of marital ties. Though Mr. Foss would fain have dismissed this suggestion as indignantly as, to his friends, he had dismissed the one relating to Beth's elopement, he felt that both theories must receive a practical examination at his hands; and he determined that his first act, upon arriving in the city, should be to answer the letter he had received from Trefirst act, upon arriving in the city, should be to answer the letter he had received from Tre-maine and Merritt, and demand of them any knowledge they might have of Beth's where-

knowledge they might have of Beth's whereabouts.

From the conductor he received an identification of Bethel and the assurance that she had journeyed to New York. Arriving at Grand Central Depot he hoped to obtain some clew to her movements; but gaining none from the night officials, as he strode out upon the walk he bethought him of inquiring of the policeman. That protector of the public peace, after evident earnest cogitations, failed to recollect having seen any such young woman upon the previous night as the gentleman described.

"But," remarked the M. P., "you might ask the cabbies. If some chap met her, they'd been most likely to take a conveyance."

Mr. Foss turned to prosecute some inquiries in that line, when the policeman's memory suddenly revived.

"See here, mister!" he said, arresting the parson with a tap upon the shoulder. "I be lieve I've struck the very young woman, now. Tall, with a quiet sort of voice, and a traveling-cloak, but no baggage?"

Mr. Foss nodded.

Tall, with a quiet sort of voice, and a traveling-cloak, but no baggage?"

Mr. Foss nodded.

"Then there ain't no use you're asking the cabs. She came up to me, and asked the way to Fifth avenue, and walked off, right smart, alone. I had my eye upon a suspicious-looking chap, at the time, and that's what made me forget the young woman; but I remember, now, she went off alone."

And the policeman sauntered away, leaving Mr. Foss to cross over to the Grand Union Hotel, where, before throwing himself upon the bed in the room assigned him, the clergyman indited a letter to Messrs. Tremaine and Mer-

CHAPTER IX.

A FATHER'S GRIEF. "Nothing's so hard but search will find it out."

"You have news for me?" It was Cecile De Witt who asked the ques to was ceene be with who asked the ques-tion, advancing to her visitor with extended, welcoming hand—graceful, elegant, as always, but eager, and with an odd little flame of color flickering, like the light of a dimly-burning lamp, against the creamy pallor of her perfect cheeks. The gentleman whom she addressed was the head of the law firm who had under-taken the management of her affairs; and the was the head of the law him who had hider taken the management of her affairs; and the unusually early hour at which he had presented himself, coupled with the very fact that he had come in person, instead of sending her a message, had excited Madame De Witt with the hope that he had some important communication for her

hope that he had some important communication for her.

Mr. Tremaine took the seat to which his client motioned him, while she sunk with languidly-bewitching motion into a great satin chair near.

"A little, madam," he replied, courteously, "but nothing as yet that you will care to hear."

"You do not mean"—a trifle anxiously—"that Mr. Foss has refused to allow any intercourse between myself and our daughter! He has, I suppose, that power until she is of age; but by the laws of this State a young woman attains her majority at eighteen, does she not? He cannot interfere with our meeting long."

"You are jumping altogether too rapidly at conclusions, madam," said the lawyer, with a smile which seemed to add—but that is a woman's way. "Mr. Foss is in town, and has

smile which seemed to add—but that is a woman's way. "Mr. Foss is in town, and has
written us; but not in regard to giving his
daughter to your guardianship."
"He wishes an interview, then, with me,"
suggested madame, with a slight drooping of
her tones, but no other perceptible change of
manner, to indicate what might be her feelings
at the prospect of meeting the husband from
whom she had been absent so long.
"No, madam; if Mr. Foss desires an interview with you he certainly did not communi-

"No, madam; if Mr. Foss desires an interview with you he certainly did not communicate any such wish to us. He announces that his daughter has suddenly, and mysteriously, left her home; and asks if we can give him any clew to her whereabouts. He is, I think, suspicious that the event may have occurred through our, or your, agency." And the lawyer paused and glanced intently into Cecile's face.

A charminally soft and appealing light assets

face.

A charmingly soft and appealing light came to the lady's eyes, and a pleasant little rippling laugh to her lips.

"I think you, Mr. Tremaine, will exonerate me from all blame in this matter. The idea of obtaining the society of my daughter, except with her own and her father's full consent, has necessarily to me. As my confidential friend. never occurred to me. As my confidential friend and agent, you are fully acquainted with every step I have taken in this matter, since all have been directed through your suggestion and ad-

"Then, perhaps, it is as well for me to see Mr. Foss, and disabuse his mind of any idea that you are in the least cognizant of his daughter's movements. Do you care to see his note? I gentleman, sir, and was honorably in love with

most imperceptible, betrayal of her sensibility with a feeling something akin to admiration.

"How wonderfully that woman holds herself in hand, when she chooses," he said, mentally; "yet what a finely passionate nature she has. As an actress she ought to have been a great success;" and Mr. Tremaine—who was partial to all real talent in the histrionic art—almost felt that Madame De Witt had done the world an injustice when she had deserted the stage to devote herself to dull years with an invalid father. But excellent lawver and man as he was. ner. But excellent lawyer and man as he was, a failed to take into consideration that often-mes the greatest genius of the real actor is dis-

times the greatest genius of the real actor is displayed upon the broad stage of life.

"My poor little Bethel! Can you account for this strange disappearance, Mr. Tremaine?"
Bethel's mother asked, toying with Mr. Foss's letter when she had finished the perusal of it, and betraying a great deal of tender solicitude.

"Only upon the same grounds for which strange absences and flights of young ladies of that age may often be accounted for."

Madame De Witt darted the lawyer a swift glance.

glance.

"I hope," she remarked, quietly, "that my daughter is not emulating her mother's foily."

"I beg your pardon," cried Mr. Tremaine, with real warmth and earnestness. "I hope you will be so gracious as to believe that I had become the your warm unfortunate history, and

forgotten your own unfortunate history, and had not the slightest idea of referring to it."

"I shall believe what you wish me to," said his client, with her usual charming grace; "but I cannot forget that I deserve the reproof which your words seemed to convey; and you can imagine how terribly I should deprecate my devekter's following in my footsters. I how if your works seemed to convey, and you can my daughter's following in my footsteps. I hope it is not so; but that this absence of hers may be accounted for in some other way. For, oh!" she added, with sudden fervency, "now that I have come to think with almost certainty of knowing her, and loving her, you can scarcely understand how intensely I desire to find her all that my fondest wishes picture."

"I trust that you will not be disappointed, madam," the lawyer responded, warmly, as he arose to go. Then he continued, in a more business-like way, "Is there any message that you wish me to convey to Mr. Foss?"

Madame hesitated. "Perhaps, if he desires an interview relating to the proposal I made concerning my daughter, you would arrange to have it take place at your office, or, at least, in your presence, since it must, of necessity, be somewhat trying to both of us; and say that we will do all in our power to learn something concerning Rethel's disappearance."

will do all in our power to learn something con-cerning Bethel's disappearance."

The lawyer promised in every way to consult Madame De Witt's interests at the coming in-

The lawyer promised in every way to consult Madame De Witt's interests at the coming interview, and hastened to meet the former husband of his fair client. But he found less to accomplish at this visit than he had anticipated. At as early an hour as he had deemed at all practicable Mr. Foss had dispatched his hurriedly-written note to the office of Tremaine and Merritt, and then had started out to follow up that other clew to Bethel's disappearance, in favor of the probability of which the Green-wilde people had adduced so many facts. He had taken care to obtain the address of Rial Andral; and it was to number — West Forty-first street, that he took his way, immediately upon finishing his light breakfast.

When he mounted the broad flight of stone steps that led to number — and read the name upon the door-plate—Pedro Andral—he stood, a minute, aghast, and overcome by a host of unpleasant recollections. Recovering himself, he rung the bell, and inquired of the waitress, who answered his summons, for Mr. Rial Andral.

"He sailed for Europe yesterday," replied the servant, with a stare of surprise.

The stranger returned her glance, vacantly, for a moment, as he questioned with himself whether it could indeed be possible that Bethel, too, was now miles away upon the ocean.

"But the elder Mr. Andral, he is in?" Then.

No, was now miles away upon the ocean.
"But the elder Mr. Andral, he is in?" Then, occiving an affirmative assurance—"Please tell

nim that a gentleman waits to speak to him upon mportant business."

The visitor was shown into a reception-room, and presently along the softly-covered hall, and into the clergyman's presence, came the man he had met once before—the man who, years ago, had villainously deserted Cecile De Witt. And as quickly as the clergyman, who was, to a de-gree, prepared for the meeting, recognized the swarthy West Indian, did Mr. Andral, perhaps swarthy West Indian, did Mr. Andral, perhaps by some innate perception, rather than by his merely physical senses, remember the man who rose to greet him; though grief and time had set wrinkles upon Daniel Foss's face and silver lines in his hair and beard. "You are surprised, Mr. Andral," said the clergyman, with quiet, sorrowful dignity, "that I should seek your presence. I have come, sir, in no connection with the past, but to ascertain whether your son has betraved my daughter

whether your son has betraved my daughter

into a terrible folly and wrong."

It was a frowning face that looked into Mr.
Foss's, and a hard, unconciliatory voice that an-

I cannot profess to be in ignorance of your meaning. Yesterday I opened a telegram, addressed to my son, from the little village where he has been stopping, in which was mentioned he disappearance of a Bethel Foss, daughter of a clergyman of that place, who it was sup-posed had eloped with him."
"It was supposed!" cried Mr. Foss, eagerly.
"Then it is not so?"

"Then it is not so?"
A half-sneering smile broke over the West Indian's face, and a diabolical light shone, momently and furtively, in his dusky eyes.

"I cannot say that this elopement has not taken place," returned the West Indian, grimly.
"Indeed it seems most probable; for when my son returned from Greenwilde, he informed me that he was betrothed to your daughter. Finding that I had summoned him home, to start immediately for Europe, on a business tour that immediately for Europe, on a business tour that might detain him several months from his fair affianced, it was most natural that he should uggest to her that she accompany him.

suggest to ner that she accompany nm. And, judging from what I know of my son's disposition, there is no doubt in my mind but that he has persuaded her to this step."

Mr. Foss's face grew ghastly white.
"You say you do not doubt but that my daughter has eloped with your son; is this surety founded upon a knowledge of his movements."

pany's office immediately upon reaching t though I had engaged his passage, saying he should not sail until Saturday, unles found that he could have the entire state-room; this was fixed to his satisfaction, I concluded, when he bade the family good-by upon Wednesday evening. The steamer was to sail quite early in the morning; and he remarked that no one need rise on his account, as he should not breakfast at home. Remembering these facts, when I received the telegram from Greenwilde, I felt, as I have said, no doubt but that he had made arrangements to take his betrothed with him. Rial was not the person to consult any one regarding such a whim, and he was certainly eminently capable of accomplishing it, if he had determined upon it." ound that he could have the entire state-room

had determined upon it."

"Bethel! Bethel!" exclaimed Mr. Foss, piteously, as he found himself forced to accept Mr. Andral's statements and beliefs. "My poor

then it looks rather suspicious, you see, that the next morning she went to the hotel to see him, and when he wasn't there got his address; and Thorne's folks know all about that."

"I would like to see it, yes; I do not quite understand about that."

"I would like to see it, yes; I do not quite understand about that."

"I would like to see it, yes; I do not quite understand about that."

"I would like to see it, yes; I do not quite understand about that."

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"I would like to see it, yes; I do not quite understand about that."

"I would like to see it, yes; I do not quite understand about that."

"I would like to see it, yes; I do not quite understand about that."

"I would like to see it, yes; I do not quite understand about they have quite should not marry when they chose, or why they should

great love.

And so, when Mr. Tremaine gained an interview with Mr. Foss, he found him nearly overcome by his accumulated griefs, and already preparing for a return to the quiet country parsonage, within whose walls he longed to hide himself and his sorrows. To the lawyer's proposal that Mr. Foss should meet Madame De Witt, the clergyman shrunk in nervous alarm. He was not able, he said, to sustain the excitement of such an ordeal, nor did he consider it necessary, now that Bethel had taken her future into her own hands and none of those who cared

into her own hands and none of those who cared for her could do aught toward changing it. "But in case," persisted the lawyer, "your daughter returns to her home, or matters prove to be otherwise than they now appear, would you consent that she should make the acquaintance of her mother, and, as Madame De Witt's heiress, spend most, or at least a portion of her time, in the home madame is about to establish in this city?"

in this city?"

"Nothing can be different from what it is," returned the parson, drearily; "but if Bethel had stayed with me, I certainly should not have kept her from her mother, nor interfered with what in your opinion, and mine, upon mutual consultation, seemed for her best good."

And with that assurance the lawyer was

And with that assurance the lawyer was forced to go away content, while Mr. Foss started upon his return to his parish.

(To be continued—commenced in No. 438.)

REJECTED LOVE.

BY W. R. M. We stood alone by the river side— We stood alone us two; I fondly hoped she'd be my bride, As I whispered, "Ilove you!"

The river breezes softly fanned
My flushed and burning brow,
And the delicate touch of her quivering hand— I almost feel it now.

She neither moved nor said a word To break the waking dream; I stood in silence most absurd; She gazed upon the stream.

At last she spoke; I watched her eyes— H·r eyes of brilliant blue— That burned bright with a humorous light As she cried, "I don't love you!"

One of Life's Histories.

BY MARY REED CROWELL.

A SOLITAIRE diamond, in whose fathomless A SOLITABLE diamond, in whose fathomless heart gleamed and fretted a thousand prisoned glories of hue, set high in a chased band of gold, and circling a slender brunette fore-finger at which Florence was looking with all her happy heart in her bonny brown eyes.

It meant so much, that ring on her finger. It meant everything, all things to her, because it represented Ernest Howell's love, because it meant that she was to be Ernest's wife one day.

"Nothing can happen, my darling, can there?"

Then Florrie would smile through the threat-ening tears, and say to herself nothing could happen.
So the wedding-day came, and nothing had happened, and the glad autumn sun shone on the bride's fair face, and Ernest had taken her in his strong arms close to his fast-beating heart, and she had heard him whisper in tones that set every pulse throbbing:

Such a sweet face Florence's was as she stood there in the open window with the June smilght flooding goldenly about her, bringing out all the satin smoothness of her clear brunette complexion, all the girlish freshness of her face with its clear brown eyes so happy, so tender, its smiling, sensitive mouth, that was like a crimson rosebud cleft in twain, all the flavorlike grace of her supple, willowy figure.

And so early in her quiet young life her happiness had come to her, so soon had her prince come to take her captive, and she was so glad, so glad, so perfectly, utterly content that it should be so, for she knew she loved Ernest Howell with genuine love, she knew no one could ever come after him.

Just now, as she stood among the early red Such a sweet face Florence's was as she stood

watching the sunshine that awoke a thousand glorious fires of color under the icy crystal of her diamond, her glad young heart was beating in tumultuous eestasy as she tried to realize that Ernest loved her, that Ernest had told her, in his grave, intense, passionful way, that she must be his wife. His wife! His wife—Ernest's wife—and as a handsome, grave-faced man came up between the flower-beds to the house, watching her with all his heart in his eyes, Florence, with a little shy flush on her face, lifted her eyes in one glance of rapturous delight at sight of him, and then—drew back further into the

Ernest came in through the open front door, and went right up to her, smiling down at her.
"You wish I had not come, my darling? Perhaps you regret the promise you made me last

night?"
He touched her satiny-brown hair in a caressing way that thrilled her only less than his

"Regret? Oh, no, no!"

Then, as if shamed by her eager, yet faintly-spoken words, she turned her face further away, until he boldly took her in his arms and gently forced her head to his shoulder.

"My precious little girl! Let me hear you say again, this morning, what you said last night. Do you know I could not sleep between happiness that you did say what you did, and fear lest you might wish to retract it this morning? Florrie, my little one, my darling lit-

He lifted the pure sweet face and kissed it over and over again, on quivering mouth, and drooping eyelids, and warm, flushed cheeks, holding her little shrinking figure close in his

After a moment she whispered to him: "Please—let me go, now?"
He laughed at her sweet, shy, startled look, evoked by his bold, openly manifest delight in

her.
"You little wild-bird—you must tell me once more you love me, then I will set you free, and then"—and all of a sudden the old gravity came then "—and all of a sudden the lot gravity came." into his handsome face—"then I have something I must tell you. Only first"—and into his voice came a quick, thrilling passion—"tell me that nothing can change what you said, that you have me you love me "?"

me that nothing can change what you said, that you love me? you love me!"

She lifted her eyes, all radiant with happiness, yet wearing a vail of maiden modesty in their bonny brown depths—like a cloud of mist through which the summer sunrise shines.

"Ernest—oh, I do; I am so sure I do—love

He would have snatched her in his arms again, but it seemed as if some restraining in-fluence overmastered him. Instead, he touched her bare, raised arm, from which her sleeve had fallen back a little way, with almost reverence

Child, child, to think I should have won such love for myself as you give me! Let me tell you here, now, with your pure, honest eyes in my face, how unworthy I am such sweetness as yours, my darling. Ah! I fear I shall not have courage.—Florence, I will (hrow myself on

His rapid, agitated words sent all the warm, lovely color from her cheeks, sent a startled, wondering surprise into the truthful faith in her

Then, seeing the pain, the emotion, the white etermination on his face that went straight to

upturned forehead, where her kiss touched like a breath of fragrant zephyr, and lay like a benediction of peace and hope and courage.

Ernest began, gravely, bravely, with her eyes on his beloved face.

"I am twenty years older than you, my little one, so that you were a tiny girl when I committed a madly rash act, the result of hot-headed, boyish foolishness. Florence, I imagined myself in love with a blue-eyed, yellow-haired girl, whose name was Jessie May, and I married her, to find out a few months later, that she was not such a woman as an honest man—eyen if not such a woman as an honest man—even he is rash and hot-headed, wants for his wife he is rash and hot-headed, wants for his wife. Florrie, my pure little priestess—she was not a good woman, and—I left her, and never in all the after years that I wore the fetters my folly had forged on me, did I hear of her until I learned, a year ago, of her death in a foreign country. What I have endured, and suffered, God only knows. It was like a load of iron around my neck—but, thank Heaven, she died and left me a chance for hope and happiness, and—you, my blessed, my precious. Florrie, Florrie, if you can help it, don't despise me, don't—"

don't—"
He broke down—this strong, proud man, this grand, honorable man who preferred to endure the degradation of confession to this saintly-faced girl, to take his risk of her forgiveness,

faced girl, to take his risk of her forgiveness, rather than deceive her.

Then her hands fluttered caressingly to his hair, where occasional silver threads gleamed among the fair brown locks, and she stooped and touched his lips with hers.

"Never mind, dear. Let me try to atone for all she did. I have a perfect right to you—God gave me the right and the privilege and the happiness when He took her. Ernest—dear! Can I not help you forget all you have suffered?"

And with his arms once more around her, he felt that he would have suffered a thousand-fold more in those dark days of the past for the sake of the bliss of the present, and the sweet promise of the future.

Those intervening days went by like some dream of enchantment, and the bonniest of all months in the year, golden-gloried September, brought the wedding-day of these two lovers who were all the world to each other.

Often and often Florence had wondered what could be the research the was so perfectly happy.

Often and often Florence had wondered what could be the reason she was so perfectly happy and content beyond what other women were—often told herself it was almost wrong to be so entirely satisfied with her lot, and, more than once, would be overwhelmed with sharp fear lest, because she was so exquisitely happy, there must some terrible trouble be in store, according to the natural law of compensation.

Ernest used to laugh at her fears—delightedly, because it showed him so plainly how well she loved him.

"Nothing ean happen, my darling, can there?"

ening tears, and say to herself nothing could happen.

So the wedding-day came, and nothing had happened, and the glad autumn sun shone on the bride's fair face, and Ernest had taken her in his strong arms close to his fast-beating heart, and she had heard him whisper in tones that set every pulse throbbing:

"My wife, my precious wife," and then—Florence had gone to her own room to change her wedding toilet for her traveling-dress—the happiest woman in all the wide world, with fairest visions of her future life as Ernest Howell's wife dancing alluringly before her, as with many a dimpling smile and happy tear she thanked God for what had at last come to her.

Some one tapped on her door, a maid with a Some one tapped on her door, a maid with a

message.
"Mr. Howell's compliments, and would she see him a moment—particularly, in the library?"

She wondered a little, then went quietly down she wondered a little, then went quetty down the back stairs into the library, where Ernest stood in the middle of the room, so deathly white, so bearing the marks of some terrible calamity that a gasp of fear was on her lips as she went up to him.

"Ernest! oh, Ernest, what is it?"

He staggered toward her, as if the sweet, ter rifled tones of her voice made him realize the awful trouble that had met him on the threshold of his new beautiful life.

She looked at him with whitening lips. What

did he mean? Then almost roughly, in his awful grief, he thrust her woe in her face. "Florence—you are not my wife. God help us! She is not dead, as I thought; she has been here, she saw your father, she saw me, she laughed in my face, she declares her readiness, her intention to live with me again, she—"

There was no need to go on; that one first sentence had almost killed her, and she stood, whitering shriping shriping in his arms craw with an

shivering, shrinking in his arms, gray with an-He snatched her tightly to him.

"But, as God lives she shall not come between us, my darling! Let her do her worst, Florrie; she shall find the strong arm of the law between you and her. Florrie, Florrie, you will never forsake me, never take your dear love from me, my faithful little friend?" He had no answer save the mortal anguish in her white face, for she slipped away from his encircling arms, unconscious.

Such a terrible year followed after that wedding-day, that was no wedding-day, when Ernest Howell had kissed his sore-stricken love a good-by that would have been less hard to do and she been sleeping in her coffin, since he and gone away feeling that a curse worse than ain's was set on him, since the day Florence had taken up the strangely-altered burden of her grievous young life into which no joy could ever come now that Ernest Howell had gone out

Where he had gone, Florence had not heard, had never asked, never knew until, one day, a year after the day Jessie May Howell had come into her life, there came a penciled scrawl to Florence announcing the near demise of the woman who had once before been thought

"Come and look at me," the note said. "Come and make sure I die this time. Once I had my revenge on Ernest Howell through innocent you; come now and take your revenge by satisfying yourself that I am past all possibility of annoying

And Florence went, trying not to be thankful, so sore afraid of triumphing over this woman's extremity—went, and saw with her own eyes the passing to judgment of her who had wrecked Ernest Howell's life.

Then, a little later, she took especial means to learn where her lover had gone, and wrote to him, a long, explanatory letter, full of exquisite sweetness and yearning tenderness, bidding him come to her whenever he thought best. Then, she waited, not for the answer to her

LOVELY TRIO.*

BY JAMES HUNGERFORD.

Lovely trio, sisters three, In you three these three have met— Faith and Hope and Charity— Mittie, Sarah and Jeanette.

Faith, that, free from doubt and guile, Olings and trusts where others fly, Beams in gentle Mittie's smile, Kindles in her soft bright eye.

Hope, that, ere the shades depart, Love's bright morning-star can trace Glows in noble Sarah's heart, Lightens in her beautoous face.

Heavenly Charity, that yet Lingers earthy life to bless, Warms the soul of pure Jeanette, Speaks each word her lips express.

Lovely sisters, in you three Have these heavenly graces met— Faith and Hope and Charity— Mittie, Sarah and Jeanette. * The Misses Street, of Goldsborough, N. C.

The Pirate Prince;

Pretty Nelly, the Queen of the Isle.

BY COL. PRENTISS INGRAHAM, AUTHOR OF "CAPTAIN OF CAPTAINS," "THE RIVAL LIEUTENANTS," "THE GIRL GUIDE,"
"THE BOY TERROR," "THE SKELETON
CORSAIR," "THE BOY CHIEF," "DIAMOND DIRK," "THE FLYING YANKEE," "WITHOUT A HEART,"
ETC., ETC.,

CHAPTER XXX.

A LIFE FOR A LIFE. When the morning sun arose over the buccaneer isle it showed how terrible had been the tornado, for the basin was white with foam driven into it by the sea, which still roared savagely against the rocky shore. The cliffs were swept clean, and here and there a stout tree had been hurled from its hight into the val tree had been hurled from its hight into the val-

ey below.
The Sea Hawk also looked considerably the

The Sea Hawk also looked considerably the worse for her rough handling by the winds and waves, and the seamen were busy at repairs, with the first peep of day.

Unable to sleep, Captain Markham had gone on deck at an early hour, and as the sun rose above the cliff-tops Mabel joined him there, saluting him with a pleasant good-morning, which he returned affectionately, for he had dreaded his meeting with his daughter, after what had passed the night before, and he felt, after his promise to her, she certainly had a right to feel hurt at his broken faith.

Upon the island not a soul was visible, and the crew of the Sea Hawk still believed that the stronghold was deserted by all save the old witch, as they still called Mad Maud.

Whether Luis Ramirez, in his bold leap for life, had reached the shore or not they could not tell. If he had, he was doubtless hidden away in some out-of-the-way crevice of the rocks.

Suddenly Mabel gave a cry that directed every eye upon the shore, where, coming down the glen, a slender form was seen.

Nearer and nearer it approached the beach, until it was discovered to be a youth scarcely.

Nearer and nearer it approached the beach, until it was discovered to be a youth, scarcely seventeen years of age, and dressed in dark pants, low shoes, a blouse, shirt and jacket, while a sailor's hat was placed jauntily upon one side of his head, half-hiding a mass of black curls.

Mabel saw all this distinctly with the aid of her glass, and then she said:
"He is hailing, sir."

Across the waters came in clear, boyish

tones:
"Ho! the Sea Hawk!"
What is it?" 'Ay, ay! What is it?" asked Lieutenant Red-"I would come aboard. Send a boat for me,

of his new beautiful life.

"Florrie, little Florrie—oh, my God, to think I have lost you! Oh, my love, my pure little love!"

She clung to him in vague sense of anguish, all her pulses beating in dim fear.

"Lost me, dear? I am not lost to you; I am here to comfort you in whatever has happened."

Lost me, dear? I am not lost to you; I am here to comfort you in whatever has happened."

"I would see Captain Markham, sir," he said to would see Captain Markham, sir," he said to the constant of the constant o

here to comfort you in whatever has happened.
Tell me, Ernest, my husband."
It was the first time she had spoken the sweet
It was the first time she had spoken the sweet

"I would see Captain Markham, sir," ne said
to Fred Ramsey, who met him at the gangway.
"I will lead you to him. Captain Markham, name, and her tome was rich with unspeakable tenderness of pride and love. He shrunk as if a heavy blow had been dealt him.

"My God, spare me! What awful sin have I ever done that I should suffer this, that she should suffer so?"

She looked at him with whitening line. What "You can sarve me greatly sir and in done."

"You can serve me greatly, sir, and in doing so serve others. You have Rafael the Rover and his crew prisoners on board your vessel?"
"How know you that?"
"It matters were the

"It matters not; they are your prisoners."
"They are. What of it?"
"A great deal, air. You will take them to Havana to die?"
"Yes." "That must not be, sir; you must release

them

them."

"Great God! who are you, sir, that dares come aboard my vessel and tell me what I shall do?" cried the captain, in a rage.

"I am one, sir, who will enforce my demands," firmly said the youth.

"Enforce! You, a mere boy, come aboard an American man of-war and talk of enforcing commands. Put this youth in irons, Ramsey."

"No, I came here, sir, under a flag of truce," and the youth held up a white handkerchief he held, tied upon a cane, and then he added, sneeringly:

ingly:
"Savages even respect a white flag and its bearer."
Captain Markham's face colored, and to hide ifusion, he asked Who are you, and from whom do you

come?"
"I am one of the buccaneer band. I come from those who have the power to make you treat with them."
"Is not this island deserted?"

"You have already seen a woman upon the island, and now you see me. How can it be deserted?" I mean, have the buccaneers left it, or if "I mean, have the buccaneers left it, or it leaving it, have they returned?"

"Captain Markham, if you do not grant my request you will find that question answered. Will you release Rafael and his men?"

"I will not."

"This is your decision, sir?"

"It is."

Think, sir, you may have cause to rue it

hen too late."
"My mind is made up. They shall die."
"You will not be able to go out of the basin,
"without a most experienced pilot."
"I will force one of the buccaneers, under
malty of death, to pilot me."
"If he is to die by the gurote, or gallows, he
ill not fear death." will not fear death.

Then I shall give him his life and gold, to The youth's face paled. He feared that some one of the buccaneers would gladly accept such terms to save himself, and he remained silent, and Captain Markham said.

BANDROWY LEWINNING -E----

"Not yet, sir; do you see those cliffs?" and the youth pointed to the overhanging rocky walls of the channel. "Oh, curses! curses! He will die."
"You what of the channel."
"You what of the channel." Yes; what of them?"

Did you search them when you were here the Spaniard. "No, there was no means of reaching them."
"You are mistaken, sir. Upon the right cliff
the pilot beacon that guided you last night was

"You are right. Well, what of that?"
"Upon both of those cliffs are mounted heavy

Impossible! boy, you cannot frighten by threats."
"I tell you the truth, sir—there is a strong armament up there, and brave men to man the

Captain Markham, I will prove my words; nd me your trumpet."
The boy took the speaking-trumpet and hail-

Ho! the cliff!" "Ho! the cin!"
"Ay, ay—on board the Sea Hawk!" came
back from the top of the cliff.
"Send a broadside against yonder wooded
hill!" again shouted the boy.
Instantly there flashed forth from the sum-

Instantly there flashed forth from the summits of both of the cliffs a dozen bursts of red flame, and a dozen roars commingled, while as many iron messengers sped howling above the topmasts of the Sea Hawk, and went crashing into the timber upon the hill-side.

Every face on that deck then paled. No, there were two that flushed—the youth's with pride, at proving his power, Mabel's with hope that Rafael would yet go free.

"Boy, you have spoken the truth; but those guns are for vessels coming into the basin."

"You are mistaken, sir. They command the Sea Hawk where she now is, and can send a plunging fire upon her as she runs out of the channel and keep her in range for half a league. Will you release Rafael and his men now?"

"I will not; I will run the gantlet going out, and string up to the yard-arm a dozen of your vile crew to prove I am in earnest."

But the youth was not daunted by the savage threat, for he quickly replied:

"Captain Markham, you lost a favorite lieutenant some time since?"

"Do you refer to Baneroft Edmunds?" asked

tenant some time since?"
"Do you refer to Bancroft Edmunds?" asked the officer, eagerly.

I do, sir. Know you aught of him?"

'Is he alive?"

"Where?"
"On the island, and in the power of the buc-

"Good God! can this be true?"
"It is so true sir, that if harm befalls Captain Rafael, the life of Bancroft Edmunds shall

at once be the forfeit."

Captain Markham dropped his head. The youth again held the vantage. "Would you do this crime?" he suddenly

Ay, would I! If Rafael the Rover dies, Lieutenant Edmunds's death shall follow in the same manner! I swear it, Captain Markham."
"The one is an outlaw—a cruel corsair—the other an honored officer of the navy of the Uni-

other an anonored officer of the navy of the Chited States—"
"They both are men; life is as dear to one as to the other. Will you exchange prisoners, Captain Markham? for I now hold the winning hand!"

'No, sir; that is, I will take my men and rescue poor Edmunds—"
"And I will give the signal to have the Sea
Hawk sunk where she lies! Will you exchange

nawk sunk where she lies! Will you exchange risoners, I again ask, sir?"
"I will not, sir."
"Then it shall be a life for a life."
Captain Markham was silent; he felt that he was in a trap, and he knew not what to say.
A seaman approached at this moment and aid;

"The Rover asks to see you, sir—"
"Bring him here," and then turning to Lieutenant Redmond he said, in a low tone:
"We are in a scrape, Redmond."
"Yes, sir; but the buccaneer should not es-

cape."
But poor Edmunds?" Even if he dies, sir, the Rover should not es-

cape."
"Lieutenant Redmond is anxious for promotion at any cost; he would step into Lieutenant Edmunds's shoes."

Mabel who spoke in cold, sneering

It was Mabel who spoke, in cold, sneering tones, and her words cut deep, for Ross Redmond had made up his mind to try and win the maiden for himself. outh heard the remarks, and a smile on

his lips proved that he appreciated the situa-At this moment two marines approached, Rafael the Rover, heavily ironed, walking proudly

"Captain Markham, through the open hatch-way I heard all that has passed, and I came up to see if I could not arrange a compromise," and Rafael glanced fixedly at the youth, a strange

light in his eyes.

The youth met the look, blushed like a young girl, and bent down his gaze.
"What terms would you wish to make as a compromise, Sir Buccaneer?" haughtily said

compromise, Sir Buccaneer?" haughtily said Captain Markham.

"Your vessel is in danger, sir. My island guns, as this—this youth has said, command you, and there is force enough on shore, I tell you frankly, to defeat any landing you might attempt to make, while you could not run out of here without a most experienced pilot."

"I will offer his life and gold to any man who

will be my pilot."
"No man will accept the terms, sir." "What! do you mean to say that your buc-caneer crew have such a high sense of honor that they will not accept the terms I offer?"
"It is just what I said, sir. They are below; call them up and try them," indifferently said

By Heaven! I'll do it! Mr. Redmond, have those sea-cutthroats brought on deck," angrily ordered Captain Markham, while Rafael the Rover calmly glanced shoreward, an unfathomable look in his dark, sad eyes.

CHAPTER XXXI.

THE ENVOY.

When Luis Ramirez sprung into the sea, he took the desperate chances between life and death—and he won life.
When the waves ingulfed him, he felt himself drawn under by the hull of the Sea Hawk; but are the managed to gain the sur-

and by the same route taken by Rafael on his visit to the cavern, he reached the rocky chamber, glided through it morosely, cursing back those who crowded around him, and stood before the old chief.

"Well, Ramirez, from whence come you?" asked the chief, eagerly.

"From the sea."

From the sea. And the schooner-

Is at the bottom!"
Maledictions! did they sink her?"

"No; the lightning struck her—set her on fire, and we took to our boats—"
"And the men are with you?"
"No, I am alone. We went on board the Sea.
Hawk to keep from drowning."
"Curses and furies! and why is it you are here?"

here?"
"My story is soon told: the tornado swept over us—the Sea Hawk I mean; we were driv-ing directly on the island, and we were released

to save the vessel."
"Why, where was my son, man?"
"He was aboard, too; he directed of course; none other could have brought the vessel in in such a blow and wild sea."

Oh, curses! curses! He will die."

Yes, he will be taken to Havana," coolly said

And you-how did you escape, senor Spaniard?

"I stood at the wheel with Captain Rafael and Woodbridge, and not wishing to take the chances of being pardoned for our services, I sprung overboard into the sea, as soon as we were in the basin, and swam ashore."

"You were right—why did not Rafael and the others follow your brave example?"

"Captain Rafael is too honorable to be a pirate. He preferred to wait and trust in being pardoned, I suppose," sneered Ramirez.

"That will never be; he will be hung—nay, he will be broken on the wheel, for I have been condemned to that fate—I and my officers, while the men will be garoted; but this must not be. You say the vessel is now in the basin?" and the old chief sprung to his feet with nervous energy.

She is; and by this time Rafael and the crew

"She is; and by this time Rafael and the crew are again in irons."

"He shall not die—never! Salvador, go to the further cliff, with a crew of a dozen men, to man the guns there. Ramirez, you take as many men with you to the nearer cliff, and see that the guns are ready for immediate action. I will retain the remainder of my band to attack landing-parties, and I'll yet bring Walter Markham to terms. His vessel may sail, but he must remain behind! Though hiding in holes, the Island Buccaneers are not dead yet," and the old chief spoke with a resolution that proved he intended carrying the war to the enemy's he intended carrying the war to the enemy's very deck.

"Senor chief, can I speak to you?"
"Well, Nellie, what have you to say? If not connected with our present trouble, put it off," said the old man, as the maiden stood before

"I would ask, senor chief, to be allowed to go on board the Sea Hawk, and—"
"Give him another hold upon us? Oh, no,

"I mean to go under flag of truce, senor. I think I can make a proposal to him that will gain the release of Captain Rafael and his

"The girl is mad, like her mother," said the the gar-chief.

"No, senor; I am not mad, and I can prove it. I have a means of bringing Captain Mark-ham to terms you cannot suspect."

"Name it!"

"I senot sir: but I ask you to trust me in

"I cannot, sir; but I ask you to trust me in this matter. To negotiate you will have to send some one on board, so let it be me."
"You are but a girl."

"And yet a girl has had great power, senor, in some cases; but I will not go as a woman; I will go in man's attire. Please let me be your

envoy."
"Well, get yourself ready, and when the
morning comes, I will talk more with you about it, for you seem strangely earnest in your re-

"I am, senor, and I do believe good will come of it; but I dare not now tell you what power I hold to aid in the release of Captain Rafael and

is men."

"Well, you shall go. Now I must arrange my plans. Salvador, have every able-bodied man assemble in the large cavern," and the chief buckled on his belt of arms, and placed upon his head his boarding-cap, the same which he had worn in many a desperate struggle upon a blood-stained deck.

In half an hour the buccaneers were all as-

In half an hour the buccaneers were all assembled, three score and ten in the large cavern, and in a few words the chief made known to them all that had happened, and the perilous position of Captain Rafael and his men, in irons

"Men, that vessel must not sail with our com-rades on board; we must bring them to terms, for our companions have saved the ship and her

"Salvador, select your men and go to your post. Ramirez, you do likewise, and I will head the remainder of my band—hold! we must first agree upon signals; but who have we here?"
All started as a stranger entered their presence, and every hand sought a weapon, for they believed that they had been betrayed—that their

believed that they had been betrayed—that their foes were upon them.

"Hold! it is I—Pretty Nellie," cried the stranger, and the old chief exclaimed:

"By Heaven! girl, you are so changed your mad mother would not know you. Why, you are a perfect-looking boy, and will make a splendid envoy."

The maiden bowed. The signals for action were arranged, and the maiden, still refusing to

were arranged, and the maiden, still refu

were arranged, and the maiden, still refusing to tell the secret power she held over Captain Markham, set out for the shore, where she was to remain concealed from those on the Sea. Hawk, until she beheld her comrades in position.

An hour thus passed; daylight came, and the sun arose; then the girl envoy received the signal to go on board, and she boldly walked down to the beach and hailed the Sea Hawk.

The reader will now see that the fearless young envoy, who confronted Captain Markham upon his own deck, was none other than Pretty Nellie, the Queen of the Isle, as she was called by the buccaneers.

CHAPTER XXXII. THE COMPROMISE.

TEN minutes after the order of Captain Mark-

TEN minutes after the order of Captain Markham the buccaneers were ranged on deck, Roy Woodbridge taking his place near Rafael.

In their faces shone a ray of hope, for they believed after all they had done for the sloop that they might be pardoned.

"Outlaws," began Captain Markham, "your chief has led me into a trap here; his guns command the sloop with plunging shots, and he has a force on shore, and one of my officers in the power of those on the island, so you see he holds a strong advantage, though himself a prisoner.

"Now his crimes, and yours, have made you outlaws on sea and land, and you should not expect mercy; but I am willing to give not only his liberty, but one thousand dollars in gold to the buccaneer who will pilot me out of this basin, for I will put to sea, in spite of the guns on the cliff. Now who is the man that will accept his life on such terms?"

The men looked at each other, and none spoke for some minutes, then one asked.

The men looked at each other, and none spoke

a strong swimmer, he managed to gain the surface and boldly struck out for the shore, which he reached in safety, though greatly fatigued.

Yet without rest he hurried on to the hills, and by the same route taken by Rafael on his visit to the cavern, he reached the rocky chambar elided the work of a managed to gain the surface who did not know him could understand.

"Well, speak out, my man—you who will take his life and the gold, for running us out to sea."

Yet no answer came, and Captain Markham, by the same route taken by Rafael on his visit to the cavern, he reached the rocky chambar elided the rocky chambar

him to be an American officer—let one of those men speak out."
Still no answer, and the enraged captain cried:
"Are you such fools that you throw away your lives? What man accepts my terms? You, sir, I make the offer to you," and he turned toward Roy Woodbridge, whose face was filled with hot blood as he quickly retorted:

"And if you were not a villain at heart, sir, you would not thus suspect that I could be so hase."

ase." "This to me, sir" You shall rue it." Roy Woodbridge again smiled, while Rafael

My story is soon told: the tornado swept of the crew betrayed him as soon told: the tornado swept of the sea. Hawk I mean; we were drivitive directly on the island, and we were released save the vessel."

"You may save yourself further entreaty, Captain Markham, for while I admit that those men who betrayed me—and I know them—might have accepted your liberal offer, I may as well tell you that they could not, if they would. Lieutenant Woodbridge, there, besides myself and Luis Ramirez, who is on the island, alone know this channel—if I except, perhaps, two others. A calm day, with your boats ahead, all these men could not pilot the Sea spoke up at once:

f her."
"Then I shall take the chances and stand to sea with you and your crew on my deck, to prevent the fire from the cliffs."
"That will not prevent, sir, and both my men and myself are accustomed to iron storms,"

and myself are accustomed to iron storms," colly returned Rafael.
"Sir chief, I will yet humble you; I will yet win," retorted Captain Markham, his face red

with anger.
"Captain Markham, I will offer you a romise," and the deep voice of the chief are ested the attention of the furious officer.

"I will not compromise, sir."

"Hear me, sir, for if I am in irons, and under sentence of death, you, your daughter and crew are in equal danger. I offer you a compression." Name it, buccaneer.

It is that you release this officer and crew-Never, sir, never!" Hear me, sir, and then do as you please."

I am listening."
Well, sir, I repeat, if you will release Lieu enant Woodbridge and my men, who have renered you good service in the past night, I will

"'You!" exclaimed Captain Markham, in the veriest astonishment, while a murmur ran around the deck—a murmur of surprise and admiration.

"I repeat, sir, release those that I request, and I will pilot you safely to sea."

"Yes, get your vile crew on shore and then "Yes, get your vile crew on shore and then have your guns turn upon me, in the hope that you will be killed instead of being broken upon the wheel to which you are condemned."

"You mistake, sir; the vessel shall not be

fired upon."
"And then?"
"You can carry me to Havana to meet my Even Captain Markham was struck with ad-

niration at this noble self-sacrifice; but, anxious o gain all that he could, he asked:

"And Lieutenant Edmunds—will be restored." o the ship ere she sails?"
Rafael turned toward the supposed youth, tho promptly replied:
"No!"

"No."
"You will not give him up, then?"
"I will not, except for Captain Rafael. After the Sea Hawk is at sea send Captain Rafael half way ashore in a boat. I will come out and meet you with Lieutenant Edmunds; the exchange can be made then, and you can go to Havana and be honored for having sunk the famous Curse of the Sea—with the aid of the lightning."

mous Curse of the Sea—with the aid of the lightning."

"Do you insult me, boy?"

"Ah, no, sir. You are in a bad box, and I was just showing you the best way to extricate yourself. If you have captured Rafael the Rover and his men, things are about equal, for we hold your lieutenant and command your ship with our guns, while you cannot get to sea unless we let you go."

Captain Markham felt that the young envoy spoke the truth, and he said, turning to Ra-

ooke the truth, and he said, turning to Ra-"Deliver up my lieutenant, now in your hands, and I will accede to your terms—that is, give up your officer and men, and carry you to

'So be it, sir; let the men go ashore." It was the disguised Nellie who spoke, and all turned upon her.
"Well, what have you to say?" asked Captain

Markham.
"I have this to say, that I will not give up Lieutenant Edmunds, except in exchange for Captain Rafael.

But your chief says he will deliver up my

officer officer."
"He may do as he pleases with himself and his men; but I hold Lieutenant Edmunds prisoner, and I refuse to give him up, except upon the terms stated. Nay, more; if harm befalls Captain Rafael be assured Edmunds shall die."
There was that in the handsome face and respect the speaker that told Captain Mark-

There was that in the handsome face and manner of the speaker that told Captain Markham argument was useless; he must yield, and sail with Rafael, and feel satisfaction in the thought that he held the chief, and had himself seen the fleet schooner, Curse of the Sea, blown into a thousand atoms; hence he said:

"Well, I accept the offer of your chief. Mr. Redmond, send this officer and his men on shore in the cutters; but first, Sir Buccaneer, you pledge me your word that I will not be fired when the cutters."

"I do, sir—let me have a word with this youth

"In my presence only, sir."
"Then I have nothing to say," firmly averred "Will you speak before me, Captain Rafael?"
It was Mabel Markham that spoke, and Ra-

It was Mabel Markham that spoke, and Rafael answered at once:

"Yes, lady, if your father consents."

"Papa, I will act in your place in this unpleasant duty of listener—can I?"

"Yes; I certainly can trust you. You are at liberty to speak to the youth, buccaneer."

Rafael bowed, and painfully made his way a few steps distant, the irons on his ankles and wrists clanking ominously, and the supposed

wrists clanking ominously, and the supposed youth following close behind, while Mabel Markham took her stand near.

"Nellie, I have penetrated your disguise, and from my heart I thank you for the fearless effort you have made to save me; but it is use-

ellor: You have made to save he, but it is useless: I must perish, unless some unforeseen chance of escape occur, and I have not given up hope, tell my father.

"And tell him, Nellie, that he must let the vessel go to sea without a single shot being fired at it—tell him I have pledged my word that it shall be so, and to leave all with me—do you understand."

Perfectly."
And, Nellie, I wish you to release Banca Edmunds. I ask it as a dying man would ask it —will you?"

Do you mean for him to come on here now?" "Yes, if you will."
"I will not." "Then, at another time let him go free unharmed. He is a noble fellow, and was but doing his duty. How he was taken I know.

I took him, and none but myself know

"I took him, and none but myself know where he is concealed; in fact, none know that he is on the island."

"Then let him go at some time; aid him to make his escape, for he has many to love him. Will you, Nellie?"

"He shall go free; but how will you be revenged, should you die?"

"Do not think of me. If I die, I need no one to avenge me. I am an outlaw, and I must not expect mercy."

expect mercy."

"Rafael, you are a brave, noble man, and I would give my life to save you," broke from the maiden, while tears filled her eyes.

"Maiden—for such I now know you to be— Rafael the Rover is condemned, and a prisoner, but he is not yet dead; he has friends on this

but he is not yet dead; he has friends on this vessel; have hope."

Both turned quickly toward Mabel, for she it was that had spoken; but, with ne trace upon her beautiful face of having given a word of hope, she stood, as though awaiting the conclusion of the conversation between the two.

"The Virgin bless you, lady! I now have hope. Captain Rafael, is there more that you would say"."

would say?"

"Nothing: only don't forget poor Edmunds, and do not let the Sea Hawk be fired upon. My pledged word shall not be forfeited."

"It shall not be. Farewell, senor capitan!" and Nellie grasped the manacled hands in both her own, and wheeled quickly away.

"Captain Markham, if you will knock these irons from my wrists, sir, I will take the wheel," and Rafael turned calmly toward the commander, who stepped up to his daughter and asked:

What said they, Mabel?" "Nothing treasonable, sir. He urged that his orders, not to fire on the vessel, should be carried out, and begged the release of Bancroft Edwards"

nim," and turning to his lieutenant, he said:
"Mr. Redmond, let these fellows go ashore.
Another time, under better auspices, we will take them and string them up to the yard-

The cutter was piped alongside, and the men ordered to get into it, but Roy Woodbridge stepped to the side of his chief, and said in a low,

"Rafael, this is noble of you, and just what I expected of you; but, have hope; the old lugger lies in the south cove, and I will follow you to Havana, and have a brave crew at my back. Farewell, and have hope. I'll rescue you or state."

The two men grasped hands, and as the lieutenant went over the side the crew came along, and, excepting the few who had, with Luis Ramirez, betrayed their chief, grasped his hand in farewell, and thanked him for their lives. As the last man went over the side into the cutter, Nellie passed close to where Mabel stood, and said in tones that came from her heart:

"Lady, don't let him die!"

Mabel Markham made no reply; her heart and brain were on fire with conflicting emo-tions, and she dare not trust herself to speak. Lightly Nellie ran down into the waiting boat, the order to cast off was given, and as the crew pulled shoreward, the anchor was hauled atrip, the sails were unfurled, and when the cutter, after landing its cargo on the beach, re-turned, the Sea Hawk was headed seaward and

turned, the Sea Hawk was headed seaward and moving through the water.

"Where is the buccaneer?" suddenly cried Captain Markham, as he turned and did not see the chief where he had left him.

"I am here, sir; I asked Mr. Ramsey to get me the cap and shirt of one of my men, that I might not be recognized, and be believed to be in yonder party, until too late to do the ship any harm when found out that I am on board, should my order not to fire not be obeyed."

"Hang the fellow! he has the honor of a nobleman," muttered Captain Markham, and he took his stand by the wheel, upon which the hands of Rafael already rested, guiding the vessel's course in her seaward flight.

el's course in her seaward flight As the Sea Hawk gained a good offing, having swiftly sped through the dangerous channel, a commotion was visible upon the cliffs, and immediately after a puff of smoke, a deep boom and an iron shot came almost together.

"They have found I was not one of my officers or grew at the wheel and are opening fire."

cers or crew at the wheel, and are opening fire; but we are safe, sir," said Rafael, as the fire from the cliffs was poured hot and fast after the flying vessel, now almost out of range. "Yes; their fire is useless; we are now out of

"Yes; their fire is useless; we are now out of danger, I suppose?"
"Yes, Captain Markham."
"Very well. Mr. Redmond, put this buccaneer again in double irons, and, sir, lay your course for Havana."
"Ay, ay, sir," and upon the face of Ross Redmond there was a look of evident satisfaction, for he had never liked Rafael, even in his character of Paul Melville; he had feared him as a dangerous rival for the hand of Mabel Markham.

(To be continued—commenced in No. 429.)

Vashnu's Eye.

BY T. C. HARBAUGH.

In the year 1848 the conflict between Great Britain and the Sikhs of India raged with great fury, and many sanguinary engagements took place during the autumn of that year. The English had long desired the complete subjugation of this fanatical people, and the commanders of the various forces sent against them were instructed to strike hard and spare not. The Punjaub was the real diamond for which England was reaching.

The campaign of '48 was drawing to a close when a small party of English light infantry surprised a Shikh temple at the silent hour of midnight, slew the old priests around the heathenish altars, and carried off a large amount of wealth in costly fabrics and precious stones. Britain and the Sikhs of India raged with great

of wealth in costly fabrics and precious stones.

The prime motive of the movement seems to have been plunder from its first inception, and right well was it carried out. When the sun rose on the work of the soldiery, the interior of the temple presented a ghastly appearance. The idols had been overthrown and despoiled of their decorations; their teeth of topaz had been wrenched from their heads by British daggers, and the golden serpents that glistened in their hands had fallen a prey to avarice and rapacity.

lieved that not one had escaped to tell the story of midnight butchery.

But, one aged devotee of the Shikh god had escaped during the melee, and although his body was covered with wounds, he managed to crawl into the jungle, courting the tiger's jaws to avoid the English. He told how like nighthawks the plunderers had swooped upon the temple and found the seven priests at worship; how they tore everything to pieces in their search for riches; and how, one by one, the old men fell around the idol of the nation.

Vashnu, the idol, boasted of but one eye, and that a diamond of almost february value was

that, a diamond of almost fabulous value, was set in the center of his high forehead. It was said to possess miraculous powers, and when it became known that it had been wrenched from its socket, a cry of horror went up from ever representative of the Shikh nation, and a depu tation entered the English camp to request its return. Sir Charles Napier, the British com-mander, heard the representatives, and deplored the act of his soldiery. He issued an order that the act of his soldiery. He issued an order that the eye should be given up; but its possessor, whoever he was, did not comply. Sir Charles threatened, but to no purpose, and at last told the Shikhs that Vashnu's valuable organ must,

for the present, remain lost.

Then it was that a dramatic scene was enacted in the British general's marquee. The Shikh delegation had congregated there to receive the result of Sir Charles's hunt for the diamond. Among them, still bleeding from his wounds, stood the last priest of Vashnu. Despite his four-score years, he stood as erect as the hand-some British commander, and with his long ome British commander, and with his long

white beard upon his darkened breast, made an imposing and prophet-like appearance.

I curse with a terrible death the robber who stole the sacred eye!" he cried, facing Sir Charles and raising his right hand to heaven. "The devotees of Vashnu shall follow him, and he shall perish miserably for his sacrilege. His hopes shall die before fruition! no children shall live to lisp his accursed name! and the woman whom he shall love will never be his wife! He lives henceforth in the shadow of death, and when he is happiest the vials of Vashnu's damna-tion shall be broken over his head!"

The English general started from "the last priest" and shuddered from head to foot. In all his life he had never listened to such a male diction. Molac the priest looked like a being sent from the world of torture to pronounce diction. Molac the priest looked like a being sent from the world of torture to pronounce the terrible curse, and Sir Charles, unable to speak, waved his hand toward the entrance. Slowly, one by one, the old man and his follow-ers took their departure, and the sentries saw

the color gradually return to the soldier's face.

From that hour the war on the part of the
Sikhs raged with tenfold fury; but at last, overpowered by the soldiers of conquest, they laid down their arms, and surrendered uncondition-At the treaty of peace the Sikhs made another

effort to get the sacred eye restored, but with-out avail. Its thief refused to give it up, and doubtless laughed in his sleeve at the ten thousand pounds which Sir Charles offered for it.
Strange to say, the identity of the sackers of
the temple had never been discovered by the
commander-in-chief; but old Molac declared commander-in-chief; but old Molac declared that their number had not exceeded thirteen. He refused to give the general any clew that might lead to their arrest; but after the war, he said that seven of them had fallen before his

"The fellow has then really some good in countrymen, and that six, among them the pos sessor of Vashnu's Eye, still remained.

Shortly after the declaration of peace, a young officer in the —th Foot resigned his commission, and sailed for England. He was known as an American named Barclay, an adventure some man who had entered the English army for the number of studying the manner and for the purpose of studying the manners and customs of the queen's Indian subjects. His al-most insane bravery had won him distinction,

most insane bravery had won him distinction, and promotion was about to give him a colonel's sword, when the end of the Sikh insurrection saw him throw up his commission.

After a series of fetes in the English capital, he embarked for America, and took possession of one of the richest estates within sight of the city of Richmond. Wealthy, young, and handsome, Wilburn Barclay had no cares to turn his mind from the pleasures that surrounded him. The waters of the James laved the southernmost houndary of his heautiful estate, and his obserboundary of his beautiful estate, and his observatory looked afar upon the blue bay. His house became a favorite resort of the distinnouse became a favorite resort of the distinguished men and women of the nation. He feted all who crossed its threshold, and delighted them with stories of his Indian campaigns and a display of his foreign cabinets.

Alas! his proud estate looks sadly now, for the army of the north met the sons of southland there, and where Wilburn Barclay rode at a proper or estated at night campan applied to an extended the sons of southland there, and where Wilburn Barclay rode at

nand there, and where whourh Barciay rode at noon or rested at night, cannon replied to cannon, and the yell of triumph pierced the sky.

But, there was one trophy of his Indian campaigns which the rich Virginian did not show to everybody. He kept it in a strong box in his sleeping chamber, and often went to see if it still remained with him.

stell remained with him.

It was a diamond, shaped like a pigeon egg, and as large! Brilliant and without a flaw, it was a wondrously beautiful stone, fit for the richest crown in the world. But the American had resolved that it should never depart from his family. He showed it to a few distinguished friends, and told how he was the leader of the plunderers of the Sikh temple, and how, with the point of his sword, he had robbed Vashnu of his priceless eye!

"That was a terrible curse," he said, one day, after he had related the story to a lot of friends over the best wine of his cellars. "Sir Charles used to say that it unmanned him more than all his battles; but I don't care that for it!" and the handsome man snapped his fingers in disdain.

dain.
"The devotees of Vashnu have not dogged

"The devotees of Vashnu have not dogged you, then?"

"No! poor souls! they do not know who took the eye. I do not want to see any dusky faces about here. The river is deep, and my slaves would make short work of the eye-hunters."

If Wilburn Barclay had any hope that rose paramount in his mind, it was to lead to the altar the lovely daughter of Major Richards, whose lands adjoined his own.

The creole belies of the South had not captivated the soldier of fortune, and he had left the

vated the soldier of fortune, and he had left the colder beauties of the North, heart whole, to turn to Mabel Richards and lay his love at her feet. It was a match that seemed made in some land far from this love-lorn planet, and the proud Virginian girl looked forward with joy

land far from this love-lorn planet, and the proud Virginian girl looked forward with joy to the time when, triumphing over all rivals, she should become the soldier's bride.

From his fiancee Wilburn Barclay kept the story of the idol's eye. He feared that the priest's curse would make her shrink from the alliance, and not for the whole world would he have lost the peerless one. But, the story of the stolen eye finally reached Mabel's ears, and on the night before the nuptials she heard the dread story—curse and all—from his lips. It is true that she shuddered and crept closer to his strong arms, but she smilled in his face, and said that the anathema of one old man should not tear them apart.

not tear them apart. But the beauty was to feel, in one terrible moment, the fufillment of Molac's curse.

A fairer night than the one that followed Mabel's discovery and sight of the idol's eye never threw its starry vail over the face of the dreaming James. The birds sung a melodious epithalamium among the leafy branches, and the waves kissed the shore with lovers' lips.

Not far from Wilburn Barclay's mansion stood an old chapel, at whose altar his parents had joined hands in marriage, and baptized their children. The most sacred of memories clustered about the ancient place, and it is not strange that he should desire to wed Mabel Richards there.

Dreaming not of the Hindoo's curse, he carried Vashnu's Eye to his flancee, and saw her, with trembling fingers and a face a trifle paler

with trembling fingers and a face a trifle paler than usual, fasten it among the roses that blushed their beauties beneath her faultless Six sabered-priests of Vashnu lay cold and dead around the outraged god, and at first it was believed that not one had escaped to tell the story he led the high-born belie, and stood before the led the high-born belie, and stood before the led the high-born believed that not one had escaped to tell the story altar so holy with memories of other years. The wealth and beauty of a cluster of States filled the building; they admired the tall, handsome bridegroom, and the peerless bride with Vashnu's Eye flashing its riches into the minister's lowly face.

The eyes of every one were turned to the al-

The eyes of every one were turned to the altar, and the catlike figure that crept in at the shadowed door with a small dark cord in its claws was seen by no one. In the shadow of a column it stood erect, with a pair of deeply-buried eyes fixed upon the white-robed bride. The hand that held the cord was now drawn back as if for a throw, and the body leaned

At length the venerable pastor began the beautifully-solemn ceremony; but at the second word he paused abruptly, for a dark, whip-like snake'seemed to be twining itself about Mabel's neck, just above the infernal glitter of Vashnu's The bridegroom started back with a cry of

horror, as his almost wife staggered toward the column and the demon who seemed to be ma-nipulating the serpent.

Mabel fell before the many arms opened to reeive her could render their assistance, and the fiend at the column sprung forward like the pan-ther. He bent over her for a moment, and be-

ore any one could get more than a glimpse of fore any one could get more than a gimpse of his aspect he was gone.

And the idol's eye flashed no longer among the roses at the beautiful woman's throat!

Let me not attempt to describe the scene that followed the startling event just witnessed, nor picture to the reader the figure that bounded.

ward the river with a glittering object in his and. Wilburn Barclay raised his almost bride, and Wilburn Barclay raised his almost bride, and tore the thug's dread cord from her throat. He tried to revive her; but his Indian experience soon told him that an adept in the horrible art

soon told him that an adept in the horrible art had stricken her.

Then the curse of the seventh priest of Vashnu rushed upon his mind, and with a loud cry he rushed from the chapel. Fruitless was the relentless hunt that followed; the keen blood-hound could not track through the water; the thug and his recovered eye had passed beyond the American's vengeance.

It was a night never to be forgotten by a single soul beneath the chapel's roof.

Behind the humble edifice, in her white robes and orange blossoms, they put the peerless girl

and orange blossoms, they put the peerless girl away. The magnificence of her great lace col-lar hid the three crimson marks on her throat, the people knew, all the same, that they were there! No tidings of the devotee of Vashnu ever

reached the interested ones.

From that night the old estate fell into decay, and its owner became a man of moods, addered at his own shadows. But the war came. He started and grasped the sword which had wrought him so much misery and unhappiness. It was a short, mad life of fiery glory.

The pines of Malvern Hill could tell the story

of his last battle The curse had been fulfilled. "His hopes shall die before fruition! No children shall lisp his name! and the woman whom he shall love will never be his wife!"

Such is the story of Vashnu's Eye!





NEW YORK, AUGUST 17, 1878.

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An Entrancing Story!

IN OUR NEXT WE INTRODUCE:

FRANZ.

THE FRENCH DETECTIVE: THE BRIDE OF PARIS.

BY A. P. MORRIS, AUTHOR OF "THE BEAUTIFUL SPHINX," "THE

FLAMING TALISMAN," "PEARL OF PEARLS, ETC., ETC. A superb woman-a dramatic star-a soul with a sorrow-beautiful, gifted and strong-

suddenly abandons her career of triumph and is lost to the stage. She reappears in the storm, terror and excitement of the last Siege of Paris, when the uprising of the Commune brought to the front

A gentle child of the Studio,

so many strange elements.

An old American Artist,

become the victims of daring, subtle men, whom the troublous times clothe with authority under which they essay to wreak revenge, and consummate a villainous scheme. It is these official scoundrels who are confront ed by the grand woman, who is to become

NEMESIS AND FATE,

and the Mysterious Guardian over the Child of the Studio. Then, out of the strange and fierce associations of the Commune springs the young patriot and secret emissary, Franz, in whom we have a

Very Genius of Daring and Devotion,

and whose adventures in his role of spy, lover and defender of the persecuted make him a central figure in a most eventful drama of lives, in which the wonderful woman of the boards is deeply involved—why and wherefore only the denouement of this

STORY OF TRIPLE INTEREST

unfolds. The time chosen; the characters; the situations; the passions of love, hate, revenge and ambition that are the motors of the drama-all tend to make the romance at once enthralling in narrative and commanding in its pure story strength.

Sunshine Papers.

Humbugs.

THERE is a story told concerning a class of collegians, that wishing to play a joke upon one of their professors who was noted for his researches in zoology, and his especial enthusiasm over that branch of the study referring to articulata, they put together the legs and wings, and head and body, of different bugs, forming an insect that to classify they believed would baffle his scientific skill. Upon the appearance of the learned man, to give his daily ecture to the youths, one of the class stepped forward and solemnly inquired if the professor would kindly inform them as to the name of the bug in question. Dropping his eyes critically upon the specimen for a moment, the teacher gravely replied:

"Humbug, young gentlemen." We have never been informed as to how the crestfallen youths bore this signal failure of their joke, or whether the wise professor improved this fine opportunity for reading them lesson upon the prevalence of humbuggery. Certain it is, if he forbore to make use of so rare an opportunity for moral philosophizings, the young gentlemen's heads must have burned the parabolical coals of fire thereby heaped upon them; and perhaps, after all, they slid out of the lecture-room with some little self-consciousness of belonging to that very class of material objects which their worthy professor had so summarily and ironically named. We who have less acquaintance with science than the professor or his pupils, but, possibly, more with humanity and its inventions, know, beyond doubt, that the humbugs in the universe outnumber the Annelida, the Crustacea, the Arachnida, the Insecta, or any

other division of the animal kingdom. Humbugs prevail everywhere; old humbugs and young ones; male humbugs and female; humbugs of words and humbugs of acts; humbugs in business, in politics, in professions; in the home circle, in society, and in the church. Humbugs!-The ancestors who tell the younger generations how much more sensible. and demure, and modest, the youths of "our day" were; and how much better the world was then, altogether. The men and women who fly in the faces of new inventions, and refuse to acknowledge the merits of any

who tell their sweethearts they never look at other girls, and the sweethearts who tell their how eagerly I pore over my multitudinous books

for holding sinecure offices. The lecturers who advocate moral reforms, and inspire them-selves for their oratorical efforts on tobacco, ppium or whisky. The man who gives \$10,000 to head a benevolent subscription that is to be published in a newspaper, and cuts down the orter in his store to half-pay, because the times are hard." The women who write essays on Economical Housekeeping, the Science of Cookery, the Management of Servants, the Rearing of Children, and have no knowledge of what their own housekeeping bills are a month, how to make a bowl of gruel for a sick hus oand, whether their cook performs all the duties she is paid for or worries half of them out of the other servants, and never look to their nurseries oftener than once a day, when the babies are all asleep. The women who charge \$75 for making a dress, and pay the

girls who sewed it seventy-five cents a day.

Humbugs!—The long prayers made by men who have just tricked innocent victims out of all their earthly subsistence. The advertise ments that proclaim certain banks and companies able to pay the "last dollar"—meaning the last of the very few they possess. The kisses ladies give to other ladies that they hate, The diamonds that many women wear. The silver plate showered upon brides. The smiles that one miss gives to another, when the first

words she utters behind her back are scandal.

Humbugs!—The merchants who buy costly goods, and hire elegant stores, and intend to fail soon, and settle for thirty cents on a dol-lar. The men who advertise "goods at cost" (at the cost of the purchaser). The bosses who who cry for "Honesty and Reform" and nominate men who are tricksters and knaves. The officials who talk of devotion to country, and physic and never won a diploma. The lawers who promise to look after the interests of their clients and appropriate all their clients' property as pay. The editors who criticise a book according to the amount of money paid them by its author or publisher.

Humbugs !- The sons who talk of the "governor" and "the old man," and ridicule his peculiarities, and live on his money. The daughters who read novels all day, and sit up with beaux half the night, and are too delicate to help mother wash the dishes and sweep the house. Wives who wear fine dresses and new hats, while their husbands cannot afford to relace their ragged coats and breaking boots. Husbands who are always preaching economy to their families, and smoke costly cigars and pend several dollars in treating their friends and indulging in a luxurious dinner. Ladies who are sweet to a female they despise, to get some favor from her. The society that forgives a man's immorality and points the finger of scorn at his victim. The people who are near-sighted—occasionally. The clergymen who believe in God's love and always preach His ounishments. The religion that never recognizes its like under shabby clothes. The Chris tians that cannot worship in plain churches free of debt, but must have magnificent temples with large debts on them.

Humbugs !- But we must leave space for some other matter in the JOURNAL A PARSON'S DAUGHTER.

READING.

I ALWAYS feel more of pity than contempt taught all this in my youth?"

He feels himself, when past his twenty-fifth year, as though he was too old to make a beinning on the round of the ladder of learning; he has scarcely the time to attend to it, and h is mortified to acknowledge his ignorance by attending a night-school. feelings are not right-that he should not have I know they are wrong and that he should not have them, but he does have them; and so would you, were you in the same circumstances and laboring under the same disad-

Were I sick and the doctor were to forbid ny reading, I might be inclined to weep like a child, and piteously appeal to his feelings by saying—"Oh, don't deprive me of my books and papers. I'll willingly swallow all the pills and powders, and all the nauseous mixtures you compound, but don't-please don't-deprive me of my reading." He might answer that it would aggravate my troubles were I to read all I desired, and I might be lawless enough to tell him-"I had rather die than give up my much-beloved reading "-so deep and sweet and satisfying is the enjoyment of

rest when I would recommend reading. When one rests, one cannot help thinking; and when the invalid's thoughts are not apt of the invalid's thoughts are not apt of the invalid's thoughts are not apt of the invalid of to be pleasant ones. At such a time we are likely to ponder over our troubles and trials, our grievances and cares. What good will that do? Reading diverts the mind and makes

Reading good works makes one better; it en ourages, cheers and smooths the life-path be-An author has a most glorious mission to perform, and in what a noble manner he performs it! We cannot be thankful enough for good works. I have books that I have read over and over again and always close them with regret that the end comes so soon. The characters seem like living personages, like near and dear friends. One of these books is "David Copperfield." Not long since Grandma Lawless found me with the book on my lap and my handkerchief to my eyes. Grandma was surprised and desired to know the cause. Brother Tom remarked-"David's child-wife, Dora, has died again. Eve always 'smiles

when she comes to that part.' In one sense he was right. Dora was dead. But I don't "smile" at that chapter; they are tears of grief that fall. I cannot help it. I during the rain "—if not "during the year." On a back street, the other day, I encount want David to marry again, but he did; perhaps it was right he should.

"Christmas Carol" has been the cause of where you won't go if you persist in scratching

abor-saving machines. The young men who and many a home and has gone about from Stop this late misunderstanding, and accept

dovers they never were kissed by any other man.

Humbugs!—The men who draw big salaries

How eager, Front Li, antitational arrives; you'd think reading was my "forte." There are so many germs of thought, rays of sunshine, comforting tid-bits and charming chats in these silent com-panions of mine that they are the "best of all good company;" guests I love to entertain. I want to know other people's ideas, thoughts, moods and experiences, and not live cramped up in a world of my own feelings. Books and papers give us an exchange of ideas which we o much need. Some writer has remarked, 'Of making books"—he should have added papers—"there is no end;" and I am glad it is so-if they are good ones.

EVE LAWLESS.

Foolscap Papers. Unappreciated Acts.

I sometimes get to thinking that this is a hard-hearted, unappreciative world, and the more you do for it the less it acknowledges the deed. I never got any thanks for anything I ever did. I've quit, and the world and the subriber are not on speaking terms at present.

When I was a boy I once happened to quit

eating preserves on the sly, and looking over into neighbor Wiggins's lot I saw a whole school of pigs in it. Now, I thought I could do a good deed and turn them out, and Wiggins, in the thankfulness of his heart, would shower five or ten cents on me; and Christmas was visible on the far-off horizon. Well, I slipped around, opened the back gate and didn't chase those pigs out right away, and I think I run them around that back lot for half an hour in contract to do good work and then do the meanest kind of work they can. The parties home. But, you bet, I got them to skip out; then, out of breath and out of money, I went and knocked at old Wiggins's door; he came and I told him the good deed I had done for devote its revenues to their own uses. The doctors who advertise their proficiency in ready to reach out my hand for the recompense when he grabbed me by the collar. "You little rascal," he exclaimed, with terror in his tones, "I had just bought those pigs and put them in there," and I thought he was going to kill me, but he let me go and ran to catch the pigs, and it took a half a day to find them all nd get them back.

I remember when I first came to the city. It was quite wet under foot, as it had just rained. I was deliberately walking downstreet, admiring the elegant and chaste statues of Indians, and pleased with everything I saw in the plate-glass windows, including myself when I saw a very elegantly-dressed lady before me with about two feet of her dress dragging along on the sidewalk in the mud. thouget her dress might be coming down, and that she didn't know of it, so I reached down and picked it up out of the mud to hand it to her, saying—"Madam, perhaps you did not know your nice dress was drag-" But just then a parasol about the size of a circus-tent with a center-pole landed across my head, and I wondered if any more six-story buildings were coming down, and I had a faint recolled tion of a large voice that said "You brute!" largely, and when the stars got out of my own orbs I saw the woman sweeping down-street with more wake in the mud than ever. As my aunt used to say—I "medicated" seriously on the act, and thought I had made a fool of

myself, somewhere. When a boy I accidentally read in my school reader of the boy who broke a window with a snowball and went and paid for it promptly, and the man, in admiration of the act, took him into his store and eventually made him a partner and son-in law. So, as I was for the person who has never been taught to ambitious and wanted to show how much honor read, for I think his life must be a lonely and I possessed, I threw a snow-ball through old that might please, interest and instruct him, and with the intense yearning he must have for had broken his window, but wanted to settle knowledge, which cannot be gratified save at the bill right away. He invited me into the second hand, as it were. When he sees so house. I went with pride. He reached for a many enjoying the perusal of a story, in book rattan cane and then for me. There seemed, or paper, he says to himself—"Why was I not on a close calculation, to have been forty canes. on a close calculation, to have been forty canes. How he presented that cane to me-a goldheaded one it was! But, such pane! He said he had seen me aim at the window. I never

after took panes to show how honorable I was. I waited for a long time to get a chance to escue some beautiful girl from a wet death and have her bestow on me her hand and fortune as I had read of them doing. At last I saw a female fall off a ferry-boat near shore. My time had come. I instantly sprung in. I reached her, grabbed her by the hair; it came off; it was only a switch. With great struggling I safely landed her. Instead of covering me with a profusion of thanks she covered me with a profusion of abuse, and, instead of being beautiful she was as homely as a country fire place, and then her husband came up and wanted to lick me for saving his wife. was nearly drowned, and took all the cold that

was in the river. Going along the street one night I saw a bas ket sitting on a doorstep with clothes in it. Thinking I might do a kind act I rung the door-bell and told the lady of the house that perhaps she had better take that basket in. Just then a little cry came out of the basket which almost made me drop it. "Take that The tired body is often told that it needs and go right along away from here," she ned to call the police, and then I sat the basket down on the step and ran away, and at every step "police" came like an echo dying gradually away in the distance. I don't dis-

turb anything on front steps any more.
Only the other slippery day I saw a lady on the point of slipping and falling on the sleety sidewalk, and in my haste to reach and catch her before she fell, my own feet slid out from under me, knocking hers out from under her, and she fell on me with the immortal two hundred and twenty-five pounds worse than a Memphis avalanche, and there in the presence of all the gathered spectators she called me verything she could think of (and she thought of all things) and I slunk away, not caring to take my white plug hat off which she had mashed down over my ears and face, and only thinking that the Fall of Man was nothing to

When I am kind enough to lend a passing friend an umbrella, if it is returned at all it is always when the rain is over, for the borrow er's terms are invariably "for one moment or

On a back street, the other day, I encountered two women fighting. I was out colporteur-ing. I interposed. "Women are angels," said aps it was right he should.

I believe that the reading of Dickens's I, "and there is no fighting in that happy land softening many a miserly heart—that it has drawn forth many a dollar to aid some poor and worthy being—that it has cheered many

dress like fashion-plates and never pay their tailor's bills. The young women who wear silk dresses and ragged under-clothes. The lovers good. pitched at me, and when I made my escape my face looked like the tattooed New Zealander's who sat on the broken bridge of his nose contemplating the ruins of his unsaintly poll. I have dispensed with dispensing kindness.

WASHINGTON WHITEHORN.

Topics of the Time.

-Why, after all the fuss, there has been only one cubic mile of coal mined in England since the island was discovered.

—The richest women of the Pacific Coast are Mrs. Coleman and Mrs. McDonough, their combined wealth being estimated at \$13,000,000.

-England has among her clergy millionaires and paupers. The Rev. Francis Swan, lately deceased, left \$1,750,000 person-

-Fifty-one metals are known to exist, thirty of which are known to have been discovered within the present century. Four hundred years ago but seven were known.

—They have just discovered in Texas specimens of a new American buzzard, which the Smithsonian authorities have identified as Buteo albocaudatus, a large and handsome hawk, very different from any hitherto known to occur in the United States. -In the face and eyes of the following figures,

can any woman say that all occupations and professions are not open to her? In the United States there are 530 females practicing as doctors, 42 as dentists, 5 as lawyers, and 68 as

—The extract of sweet fern is being substituted for sunac in tanneries at Salem, Mass., as but one tanning is required, and better coloring and finish are obtained. The only place in the country where the extract is made is at East Machias, Me.

—A man in Vermont died after suffering from dyspepsia for iifteen years. A post-mortem revealed thirteen cherry-stones imbedded in the lining coats of the stomach. The walls of the stomach, which, in their healthy state, are as thin as the blade of a knife, were an inch

thick.

—During the great plague in London one pit was dug in the Charter House, 40 feet long, 16 feet wide, and 20 feet deep, and in a fortnight received 1,114 bodies. During this dire calamity there were instances of mothers carrying their own children to these public graves, and of people delirious or in despair for the loss of friends, who threw themselves alive into these pits.

-The Deadwood inhabitants are ahead of the world in strict attention to business. The most vigorous waltzer at a dance there last week exvigorous weatzer at a dance there has week ex-cused himself at half after eleven, as he had a coach to rob at midnight. This is an emphatic rebuke to our giddy, procrastinating, self-indul-gent votaries of pleasure. This man is bound to rise, even if the whole community have to pull

—A joint roasted by the heat of the sun is one of the chief attractions of the grounds of the Paris Exhibition, where M. Mouchot, a Tours professor, daily cooks a portion of meat by means of a strong reflector. He recently succeeded in boiling sufficient water for three cups of coffee in three-quarters of an hour. In Algeria, where the sun naturally possesses greater power, Professor Mouchot has roasted quails in twenty minutes.

—The debt of the United States reached its highest figure October 31, 1865, when it aggregated \$2,808,549,438, of which \$2,352,967,477 bore interest. March 1, 1878, the total debt of the government was \$2,114,889,385, of which \$1,741,782,500 was bearing interest. Thus it appears that the interest-bearing debt of the United States has been reduced \$611,174,977. The annual interest on the interest-bearing debt October, 1865, was \$194,821,362. By the reduction of the bonded debt and the funding of a part of the debt at a lower rate of interest, the annual interest of the public debt March 1, 1878, was at the rate of \$92,063,358, showing a reduction in the annual interest account amounting to more than fifty-seven million dollars.

—Mr. Edison is above the medium hight, and -The debt of the United States reached its

versation consists of occasional ejaculations re atory, which is very large and complete in all of its appointments. He has a number of assist-ants, who are competent and quick to carry out his wishes, and they are often engaged on several widely different subjects at the same time. The experimental apparatus which is completed dur-ing the day is often tried at night when all is quiet and no visitors are present.

—A company has been organized at Washington for the purpose of supplying the householders of the entire city with provisions on the cooperative plan. The proposed system does not in general differ from that of co-operative stores as heretofore established in different parts of as heretofore established in different parts of the country, but it is very comprehensive in its ambition. The city is to be divided into quar-ters, with a chief for each quarter and an as-sistant for each square, and the duty of the as-sistant will be to go from house to house in his square soliciting orders and setting forth the ad-vantages of the system. The company expects to have twenty thousand members and patrons within a year, and will sell everything a man and his family require at from 15 to 20 per cent. less than the prices ruling at present. This is the first time that anything of this kind has been tried in a large city, and it will be interesting to note its progress.

esting to note its progress.

—When a man becomes famous for good or ill, anecdotes of his early training are more numerous than reliable. It is related of the family of Nobiling, the assassin, who attempted the murder of the Emperor William, that his father and mother were so quarrelsome that the domestics were enjoined never to see or hear what transpired between the couple. They were drilled strictly to obey orders. One day the elder Nobiling ordered his horses put to the carriage, and told the coachman to take him on a two hours' drive, and not to turn his head whatever noise he might hear behind him. In a few moments the driver heard a sharp report. murder of the Emperor William, that his father and mother were so quarrelsome that the domestics were enjoined never to see or hear what transpired between the couple. They were drilled strictly to obey orders. One day the elder Nobiling ordered his horses put to the carriage, and told the coachman to take him on a two hours' drive, and not to turn his head whatever noise he might hear behind him. In a few moments the driver heard a sharp report. Obedient to his orders he did not turn or look, but finished the drive and returned home. When he opened the carriage door, Nobiling senior lay in the bottom of the carriage—dead, with his pistol in his hand. Not a very likely story—but that is the way it is told in the German newspapers.

—The young men at Spotted Tail's camp recently had their annual sun dance, and the barbarous festival was one of more than ordinary.

Mass Sallie R. A fine voice and attractive person are every way.

Miss Sallie R. A fine voice and attractive person are every way.

Miss Sallie R. A fine voice and attractive person are well enough to command notice in country towns, but here they pass almost unnoticed unless to ware, by influence that can give you a public hearing. The city has hundreds of women who are fine singers but are unable to obtain recognition. The first step would be to sing in some prominent who are unable to obtain recognition. The first step would be to sing in some prominent who are unable to obtain recognition. The first step would be to sing in some prominent who are unable to obtain recognition. The first step would be to sing in some prominent who are unable to obtain recognition. The first step would be to sing in some prominent who are unable to obtain recognition. The first step would be to sing in some prominent who are unable to obtain recognition. The first step would be to sing in some prominent whose the vision of the carriage door, Nobiling senior lay in the bottom of such name and fame as will draw.

The creating the carriage and stractive person are well e

—The young men at Spotted Tail's camp re-cently had their annual sun dance, and the bar-barous festival was one of more than ordinary barous festival was one of more than ordinary "success." Forty - eight candidates passed through the terrible ordeal of self-torture, thus becoming entitled to full diplomas as warriors of unquestioned bravery. The ceremony is as follows: The candidate for honors cuts two longitudinal slits down each breast, and under the strip of skin and flesh inclosed by the incisions one end of a lariat is passed and lightly tied. The other end of the lariat is then made fast to the top of a high pole, and the candidate fast to the top of a high pole, and the candidate throws himself back with his weight upon the lariat. The dance then goes on until the flesh gives way. Should he fail to break loose in the manner prescribed, or should he faint during the operation, he is forever disgraced. The just closed was held about fifteen miles back from the Missouri river, near Yankton, Dakota, and was witnessed by about seven thousand Indians and twenty-five whites. Old

Readers and Contributors.

Declined: "Hugh Tracy;" "The Death Demon;"
"Old Rover's Mission;" "One Night's Tragedy;"
"Ammonia Fort 88);" "A Woman Burglar Captor;"
"Clementina;" "The Broken Pane;" "A Mysterious Photograph;" "When Winds Were Low;"
Accepted: "A Lesson and Its Sequence;" "A
Touch of Jealousy;" "The Tramp Hero;" "Twixt
Life and Death;" "Congenial Spirits;" "Punkapost;" "The Poet's Love;" "The Shrine of Song;"
"A Leaf;" "Through Time;" "Utopia;" "A Rival
to Myself;" "Lessen the Load;" "Grouty;" "Two
Girls:" "Letting in the Light."

Abe V. We shall not give the stories named, in

ABE V. We shall not give the stories named, in the Half-Dime Library.

MR. S. We do not supply papers or books other than our own. Send order or inquiry to American News Co., New York.

News Co., New York.

OSCAB. Any good school rhetoric will tell you all about versification and its laws, for laws it has, and rigid ones, too, which too many would-be poets are ignorant of or wholly ignore.

J. D. A., Jr. Starch alone, if properly applied, is all that is required. The "gloss starch" has sperm in it. Some laundries use, also, a slight quantity of gumarabic in the starch.

MAGGIE. We have, at least a dozen times, given recipes for removing freekles. A weak solution of muriate of ammonia is good. Apply with sponge two or three times a day. Avoid sun on the face or exposure to hot wind.

L. M. Frequent close cutting promotes hair growth. Use also as a stimulant cigar ash wetted with bay rum or cologne and applied as a paste; or a lotion of cream (or cocoa oil) and tincture of canharides. Absence of hair sometimes is irremediable, but growth should be promoted by proper remediations and early attention.

Melbose. We do not think going to South America upon uncertainties would be a sensible thing to do. As times promise to grow better here try for a place at home. Why not obtain the agency of some good article to sell to bousekeepers and travel through the country of Northern and Central Ohio? Your knowledge of German wil be a great help to you in such a business.

D. D. A. It is quite proper either for a gentleman to ask a lady if he may have the pleasure of calling upon her, or for a lady to tell a gentleman she would be pleased to have him call upon her; some young ladies invite gentlemen to call again, until they are on very intimate terms; others consider one invitation all that is necessary to place the gentleman upon visiting terms.

upon visiting terms.

Washington Irving. If the butternut stain has been "set" by soap it will not come out. If the garment has not been washed use hartshorn, applying it several times.—It is very difficult to tell which is the "most powerful nation in the world." Germany has the best army; England the best navy; Russia the most troops available, and France the most military spirit. The United States would be miserably weak abroad, but at home invincible.

H. W. D. Our advice to you would be to seek a personal interview with the lady, and, in the presence of her father and one of your own relations, demand an explanation of their conduct. Or, if you cannot accomplish such a meeting, write to the ather for such an explanation. You may find their only desire is to hold you to an engagement of your own seeking, or, in case they wish a release, you only obtain a freedom you have yourself proposed.

Evidently you have no correct apprehension of what poetry is. You are of the "Sweet Singer of Michigan" order. See how you look in print:

"If I was rich and you was poor I'm dubious to believe I'd turn you severely from my door And compel you to take your leave."

Try the Philadelphia Ledger. It might use you on its obituary staff. its obituary staff.

Isaac W. E. First, in presents always try to give something that will be useful. Second, don't go beyond your means; and third, don't, even if you are able, present articles which are beyond the circumstances of the recipient, and will seem out of keeping with their new home. In the case you indicate where the young housekeeper will naturally feel some pride in her home, and especially her table, there is an endless variety of gifts combining ornament with usefulness.

WILLY. If you promote your own as well as the

the debt at a lower rate of interest, the annual interest of the public debt March 1, 1878, was at the rate of \$92,063,558, showing a reduction in the annual interest account amounting to more than fifty-seven million dollars.

—Mr. Edison is above the medium hight, and although he is only thirty-one years old, his iron-gray hair and thoughtful eye show the effects of continued study. He is genial, liberal, and entirely unostentatious. His mind, day and night, is on projects; and even while eating his

M. M. Black trimmed with light blue makes a M. M. Black trimmed with light blue makes a very pretty suit. Very high heels are not desirable. They make the gait awkward, and spoil the feet. Your hight and weight are just the happy mean that always pleases. Nothing hurts the complexion more than overeating that disorders the skin secretions. Use milk freely, but avoid greasy meats and hot bread. Light wines are excellent for summer drinking if they are pure. A very nice pair of boots is worth from seven to ten dollars, so the proposition is generous, considering the nature of the service required. The working-girl is considered well paid who gets seven dollars per week.

Farmer Lame-back. We cannot tell why there

paid who gets seven dollars per week.

FARMER LAME-BACK. We cannot tell why there are such differences in the several States as to what constitutes a bushel. Twenty-four pounds of dried apples are a bushel in Illinois, 25 in Indiana, 23 in Michigan. Of barley: 48 in Iowa, 48 in Indiana, Buokwheat: 53 in Illinois, 40 in Wisconsin, 42 in Michigan, and 50 in Indiana. Broom-corn seed: 46 in Indiana, and 30 in Ohio. The metric system could not correct such discrepancies because each State has the power to declare the weight legal. The only remedy is for the General Government to provide a system of weights and measures which shall be standard and legal in all the States—which should have been done years ago.

Miss L. C., Detroit, writes: "Suppose I, and my

should have been done years ago.

Miss L. C., Detroit, writes: "Suppose I, and my sister, and a guest are invited to attend a place of amusement where I think it wrong to go; would it be good manners for my guest to go with my sister and leave me home alone? Do you not think it would be better taste for her to stay home, also, as I do not approve of going?" It would be perfectly proper for your friend to accompany your sister. She is not under any obligations to think as you do, nor, as her hostess, would it be good taste on your part to try to convert her to views inconsistent with her enjoyment, or to allow her to give up an engagement for your accommodation. On the contrary, though you are quite justified in acting as you think right for your individual self, you should make it a point, as a hostess, to further a guest's pleasure in every way.

Miss Sallie R. A fine voice and attractive per-

range you indicate, if clear, sustained and fine timbre certainly ought to make its owner's fortune.

Mrs. E. K. N. writes for advice about coming to New York to obtain work as a dressmaker. She says: "I am making sufficient money here to live comfortably and lay up something each year, but I am anxious to see the city and to obtain the higher prices, I understand, are paid in New York for sewing." We would strongly advise Mrs. N. to remain where she is doing well, and not to throw aside a certain competency for a very uncertain increase of pay. The difficulties she has already overcome, of obtaining a good class of custom, must all be met again in a new place, and with the added disadvantage of working among entire strangers. The very high prices of which she has heard are obtained only by dressmakers of established reputation, and against them must be considered the great additional expense of living in New York. There is also a probability that a dressmaker would find herself bewildered by the ever-shifting fashions in the metropolis, and probably she would lose some months in learning to accommodate her needle to them.

Unanswered questions on hand will appear next

THE GOLDEN AGE.

BY A. W. BELLAW.

I think, when looking up to see The glimmering sunset softly climb, That I can catch through golden doors The glimpses of the Golden Time.

Far off, yet nearer than we know It is, nor is it idle fate, Nor dream by fancy fed, for lo! How soft our sunrise grows, of late!

The glories of the time advance, And mingle in these kindling morns; My eye lights up in sweet belief, And cannot doubt what it discerns.

Oh, thousand years of blessed peace!
Oh, years whose coming is so sweet!
In which the very paths we tread
Shall feel the press of angels' feet:

Welcome, and knit these broken loves Welcome, and change these severing hates And of the many make but one In this sad world that weeping waits.

Typical Women.

ISABELLA OF CASTILE.

BY MRS. E. F. ELLET.

ALL the spirit of a chivalrous age, all the romance of military adventure and knightly prowess, all the gorgeous magnificence of medieval royalty, all the dignity of Castilian pride, and the gentle grace of feminine loveliness, gather around the memory of Isabella. With the splendid endowments of England's Elizabeth, and the health and accomplishments of Mary splendid endowments of England's Elizabeth, and the beauty and accomplishments of Mary Stuart, she was free from the harshness of the one, and the weakness of the other. Her lofty pride was blended with the sweetest womanly softness and engaging charms. Her haughty willfulness was tempered by generous goodness, and her piety, bordering on bigotry, was redeemed by the purity of her self-devotion. She was indeed what she was called by her people: "the Isabella of peace and goodness." She was presented admirable woman she was a gra-

Isabella had the advantage of rare personal loveliness, with grace and dignity of deportment; great firmness of purpose, a genius for wise government, and pure nobility of soul. Her masculine energy was tempered with exquisite tenderness and sensibility of heart. Her nobles, dissatisfied with King Henry, wished to make her queen; but she refused, even though her half-brother, offended at her marriage, excluded her from the succession. On his death in 1474, she was proclaimed Queen of Castile, her husband having his share of the sovereignty. He commanded the army in the civil contest that followed, till all rivalry was put down; and not long afterward Fer-Isabella had the advantage of rare personal ry was put down; and not long afterward Fer-dinand became King of Arragon. The two kingdoms of Castile and Arragon were thus kinggoms of Castlle and Arragon were thus united forever. The question of precedence in titles was set at rest by the firmness of Isabella, who would not yield the dignity of her kingdom, even to the husband who possessed her love. It was decided that the titles of Castlle and Leon should precede those of Arragon and Sigilar.

The war of Granada was the first event of The war of Granada was the first event of importance that occurred under the joint sway of Ferdinand and Isabella. It seems like turning the pages of a splendid romance to dwell on the record of this war. The beautiful country possessed by the Moors, a mere strip about seventy miles in breadth between the mountains and the sea, and one hundred and eighty miles along the south of Spain; its populous cities and the along the south of Spain; its popu wealthy, warlike population; its royal capital in the center of the Vega or Plain of Granada; its rich cultivation and luxuriance of tropical fruits; its range of snow-capped mountains on one side and the blue Mediterranean on the one side and the blue Mediterranean on the other, pouring in the treasures of Africa and the Levant; its glorious palace of the Alhambra, and the passionate love of its nobles for their terrestrial Paradise; all are celebrated in the glowing poetry, so much of which has been made familiar to us. The sweet and melancholy ballads of Andalusia are still extant. Still the echoed plaint—"Ay di me, Alhama?" touches the heart. At this period the Moorish power was on the decline; but the brave people were yet ready to die in the defense of their homes, their faith and their beloved country.

was on the decline; but the brave people were yet ready to die in the defense of their homes, their faith and their beloved country.

We have no space to dwell on the details of this conquest. The strong town of Alhama was the first to fall. Four Castilian nobles were distinguished for their exploits, whose names figure in poetry and romance. These were Ponce de Leon, Marquis of Cadiz; Don Alonzo di Aguilar; the Count de Cabra; and the Duke of Medina Sidonia. These were feudal sovereigns, and commanded each an army of retainers. In every campaign Isabella was present, animating her husband and his generals by her courage; providing for the necessities of the army and comforting the leaders under reverses; her pious confidence in Heaven, and her benevolent sympathy, and kindness to friend and foe, going hand in hand. She appointed surgeons paid out of her own revenues, to attend the army, and furnished movable hospitals for the sick and wounded. The numerous battles, victories and reverses, have been chronicled by one of the most brilliant pens in our literature.

chronicled by one of the most brilliant pens in our literature.

It was at the close of the eventful campaign of 1485 that Isabella, having retired from the seat of war, gave birth to her third daughter, the Infanta Catherine, of Arragon, who became the wife of Henry VIII of England.

Many cavaliers of England, France and Germany, looking on this as a religious war, were eager to distinguish themselves under the eyes of a beautiful and noble queen, and came to serve under Ferdinand's banner at Cordova. Lord Rivers, of England, and Gaston de Leon, of France, were conspicuous among these, and magnificent in their appointments for battlefield or lady's bower. Isabella's court added grace and dignity to this martial pomp. Many of the ladies who surrounded her were lovely and eminent in rank; and she was attended by ecclesiastics of high station and influence. History wears the gorgeous colors of romance in describing this grand assemblage of prelates, nobles and fierce warriors, of high-born dames and beautiful demoiselles. Among these proud and stately dignitaries moved one in humble attire and with unpretending lowliness of dewas destroyed, with a large quantity of arms in describing this grand assemblage of prelates, nobles and fierce warriors, of high-born dames and beautiful demoiseles of the potential demoise of the potential demoiseles of the

peared as a petitioner in the Court of Castile. He was full of the grand speculation to which he had determined to devote his life. But few took time to listen to him. He met little attention or encouragement; and during the spring and autumn that he lingered at Cordinal Mendozo, he failed in every effort to obtain an audience. Ferdinand was absorbed in warlike preparation, and Isabella in supplying his armies, in the administration of the revenues, and the complicated affairs of government. The magnificent views of Columbus appeared visionary beside the pressing importance of the martial movements that occupied her whole attention.

Summoned by her husband to his camp at Moclin for consultation, Isabella took her de
Talavera, Archbishop of Granada, opposed him so sturdily that the queen at last occupied against him. Columbus departed in bittened, and at length exclaimed: "I wish you joy of your wedding-trip, Bill! Don't let her take cold. Good-by," Bill! Don't let her take cold. Good-by, "You'll meet me in Chicago, you say?" "You'll meet me in Chicago, you say?" "Yes; I'll be there on Saturday—at the Palmer House."

By this time the girl began to gasp and throw out her arms; Alexander touched the animal lightly with a whip, and off he started down the first; Isabella became the patroness of this mighty discovery!

A courier from the queen overtook Columbus, and brought him back to Santa Fe. The contract was signed in April, 1492.

On the navigator's return from America he was received in state at Barcelona, and laid at the part he had played.

Summoned by her husband to his camp at Moclin for consultation, Isabella took her departure from Cordova, with a brilliant train, crossing into Granada. The king and grandees rode forth to meet her. "The queen was mounted on a chestnut mule, in a saddle-chair of state; the housings were of fine crimson cloth, embroidered with gold; the reins and headniges of satin, curiously wrought with headpiece of satin, curiously wrought with needlework. The queen wore a skirt of velvet over petticoats of brocade; a scarlet mantle hung from her shoulders, and her hat was of black velvet embroidered with gold." The ladies of the court, splendidly dressed, followed on forty mules. A Spanish etiquette and on forty mules. A Spanish etiquette and gravity marked the meeting of the two sovereigns. The chronicle of the times is full of picturesque incidents, which cannot even be mentioned here.

picturesque incidents, which cannot even be mentioned here.

It was at Salamanca that the plans and proposals of Columbus were first laid before a council for consideration. All the obstacles ignorance and narrow superstition could throw in the way impeded the great navigator. Columbus again joined the court of Isabella before Malaga, which city stood a siege of more than three months. The expenses of the suitor were on this occasion defrayed from the royal treasury. Still, time was lacking for the consideration of his plans; the issue of a tremendous war hung in the balance; and the clash and din of arms, and the perils and anxieties of battle and conquest drowned every voice that promised the discovery of a distant world.

The campaign of 1488 was short and less brilling.

deemed by the purity of her self-devotion. She was indeed what she was called by her people: "the Isabella of peace and goodness." She was a pure and admirable woman; she was a gracious and benign sovereign. History does not present a more interesting character; and her history is inseparably linked with events of such magnitude, as to involve the whole world in their consequences.

She was the daughter of John II., King of Castile and Leon, and was born in 1450. At the death of John, he was succeeded by Don Henry, his son by the first marriage, who endeavored to control his sister Isabella's choice of a husband. But she was then nineteen years old, and had already betrothed herself to Don Ferdinand, the son of the King of Arragon. They were married privately at Valladolid, and the young Ferdinand showed a vigor of mind and promptitude of action that would enable him to defend himself and his bride from the aggressions of tyranny. His selfish and unprincipled ambition was not as yet developed.

Isabella had the advantage of rare personal. The campaign of 1488 was short and less bril-

oppressively tax her people. The treasures of prelates and convents were offered; she pledged her own plate and borrowed from wealthy men. To her activity, judgment and enterprise, the chroniclers ascribe the success of the war. After the siege of Baza had lasted seven months she took up her residence in the camp with all her retinue. Her presence so dismayed the Moors that they shortly after surrendered, in December, 1480.

In the following spring the sovereigns were at Seville, where the Infanta Isabella was married to the Prince of Portugal. Columbus again petitioned for aid in his enterprise, and was referred to a board of inquiry. These "scientific men" reported his scheme as vain and impossible; and advised the sovereigns by no means to engage in the enterprise. Ferdinando de Talavera took part strongly against the navigator; yet he was not entirely dismissed. A hope was held out that after the conclusion of the war, the negotiation might be renewed. A hope was held out that after the conclusion of the war, the negotiation might be renewed. But Columbus was heartsickened by this "hope deferred." Wearied and disgusted by his long and fruitless attendance on the court, he had lost confidence in the indefinite promises of princes. In indignant disappointment he quitted Seville. At that time the king and queen were raising the army for the final effort expected to terminate the war—the siege of Granada. While bent on consummating their conquest little did they think they were letting slip an opportunity of gaining deathless fame by the acquisition of a new world!

Once more Isabella was a resident of the camp before Granada. It was the last hope of the Moors to defend their beloved city, the destruction of which would blot them out as a nation. It was the last campaign of the Christian

tion. It was the last campaign of the Christian sovereigns. Many were the romantic exploits and heroic deeds, of which the beautiful Plain sovereigns. Many were the romantic explores and heroic deeds, of which the beautiful Plain was the scene. Isabella had her full share of peril. In the camp before Malaga, her life had been nearly brought to a tragical close by a Moorish fanatic who pretended to the gift of prophecy, and promised to reveal the secrets of fate, if conducted to the presence of the king and queen. He had mistaken for them a noble and a lady playing at chess. At Granada a Moorish chief made a sally from the walls with some followers, galloped up to the Christian camp, leaped the intrenchments, flung his lance into the midst of the royal tents, recrossed the barriers, and galloped back to the city. His lance, found quivering in the ground, was labeled with the name of Queen Isabella.

The whole host of Christians were so indignant at this bravado, that a Castilian knight swore to retort on the enemy. He forced his way through one of the gates, and galloped to the principal mosque; of which, kneeling down, but the return of the principal mosque; of which, kneeling down,

way through one of the gates, and galloped to the principal mosque; of which, kneeling down, he took possession in the name of the Virgin Mary. He nailed a tablet inscribed "Ave Maria" to the portal with his dagger, sprung on his horse, and, fighting his way through all opposition, regained the camp in safety. The next day Isabella and her daughters and retinue were conducted by the Marquis of Cadiz, accompanied by a powerful escort, to a rising ground near the city, where they could see the gorgeous Alhambra. The Moors, noticing their approach, sent out a body of young men to ground near the city, where they could see the gorgeous Alhambra. The Moors, noticing their approach, sent out a body of young men to challenge them; but the queen forbade the combat. Then the Christians saw the fierce chief who had sent the lance into the royal tents, dragging at his horse's tail the label, "Ave Maria"—and insolently parading himself before them. The Castilians could not bear this insult. One of them threw himself at the queen's feet, obtained her permission, and queen's feet, obtained her permission, and charged on the foe with fury. The Moorish insulter was slain, and the fray became general. Isabella, shocked and terrified, threw here ral. Isabella, shocked and terrifica, self on her knees in prayer, and her lackeys did the same. The Moors were driven back with

On another occasion, one sultry night in July, while the queen was in her oratory, by carelessness of an attendant, the silken curtains carelessness of an attendant, the silken curfains of her pavilion took fire from a taper. The flames spread from tent to tent. The queen, extricating herself with difficulty from the burning curtains, flew to save her husband and son. In this fire the queen's rich wardrobe was destroyed, with a large quantity of arms and treasure. The Moors from their walls saw the fire, and were astonished when they saw built the noble city on the ruins of the camp: the city erected by Isabella in pious gratitude for her preservation. This city she named La Santa Fe.

mighty discovery!

A courier from the queen overtook Columbus, and brought him back to Santa Fe. The contract was signed in April, 1492.

On the navigator's return from America he was received in state at Barcelona, and laid at the queen's feet the fruits he had brought from the New World. Isabella took a tender interest in the welfare of the natives, described by him. She opposed the system of enslaving the Indians, and released the prisoners brought to her country. Her generous heart and upright mind revolted from cruelty toward them on any pretext.

any pretext.

In the mean time Ferdinand had gratified his ambition by securing the kingdom of Naples. Isabella was called to suffer a series of domes-Isabella was called to surier a series of udmes-tic calamities, under which no prosperity could console her. The death of her mother was fol-lowed by that of her only son, the young prince Juan; her favorite daughter, Isabella, Queen of Portugal, died, leaving a puny boy to the care of her mother; and in a short time this infant, the heir of meny kingdoms also pined away the heir of many kingdoms, also pined away and perished. Crushed to earth by her grief, the queen still endeavored to do justice between Columbus and his foes, received him with kindness when he defended himself, and gave him

ness when he defended himself, and gave him her patronage and protection when he sailed on his fourth voyage, in 1502.

Isabella's half-broken heart was tortured by the sight of the unhappiness of her daughter, Joanna, the wife of Philip of Austria, and her sinking into imbecility. To this was added the sorrow of the bereavement of Catherine of Arragon, of her consort, Prince Arthur. Isabella had the consolation of Joanna's infant, afterward the Emperor Charles V, and her religious hope saved her from despair; but her sorrows had made deep inroads on her constitution. She fell into a rapid decline. Almost her last breath was a protest against the cruelties practiced toward the Indians by the new viceroy, Ovando; and she exacted from Ferdinand a solemn

ward the Indians by the new vicercy, Ovando; and she exacted from Ferdinand a solemn promise that he would recall Ovando, and redress these grievances. After an illness of four months, Isabella died at Madina del Camps, November 25th, 1505, in her fifty-fourth year. Her tenderness, humility and piety, with her splendid talents and royal dignity, stamped her character as interesting and illustrious. It was bright with the virtues that adorn womanhood. The great men of her reign—Columbus and Ximenes—owed their rise and fame to her. She fostered literature; the first printing-press was set up under her auspices; the University of Salamanca rose to eminence through her patronage, and she prepared the way for the golden age of Spanish literature which began to assume a regular form in her reign.

A SUMMER IDYL

BY WILLIAM TENNYSON HEATON.

Do you remember a bright, dead day
Of a summer-time long since gone,
When through the trees came the scent of hay
From the fragrant fields, new-mown,
As we roamed by the banks of a sun-kissed

Stream
That winds its silvery thread
Through the solemn woods where wild flower

dream,
And sad winds mourned for the dead?

Do you remember a rock, moss-grown,
Above a pool where a fallen tree
Had stilled the waters to a mellow moan
That chimed to the wind's low minstrelsy?
We heard the echo of lowing kine,
And the whisper of summer's leaves,
And the hazy sheen of the harvest time
Shone over the stacks of yellow sheaves.

Ah! yes, you remember these scenes that brought
Fond memories of childhood hours,
When golden visions our fancies wrought
That faded with fall-time's flowers!
The stream drifts on through the lonely wood,
The leaves whisper soft and low.
But only the shadows in the dim solitude
Over the trysting-place come and go.

Pretty and Proud: THE GOLD-BUG OF FR'ISCO.

A Story of a Girl's Folly.

BY CORINNE CUSHMAN, AUTHOR OF "BLACK EYES AND BLUE," "BRA' BARBARA," "MADCAP, THE LITTLE QUA-KERESS," "THE GIRL RIVALS," ETC.

CHAPTER XXI.

THE TABLES TURNED.

THERE was no light in the sleeping-room which aunt Ruth had given Mercedes, except that which came faintly from the starlit sky through the two muslin-curtained windows.

The rose-vines outside wove their delicate bars The rose-vines outside wove their delicate bars across the casement, forming green blinds which outmatched any made by human hands; but several sharp, silent strokes with a stout knife soon cut these away from one of the two windows, and the figures of two men came in the space, darkly revealed—had there been watchful eyes to see—against the starlight beyond. The sash was raised to admit the sweet, fresh air; so that these midnight intruders had no difficulty in swinging themselves into the room, which they did, and stood there, side by side, with repressed breath, peering about with eager eyes accustomed to the gloom.

eager eyes accustomed to the gloom.

Nothing stirred but their own quickened pulses. They made out a large, high, old-fashioned bed, with a white counterpane; toward this they drew, with bated breath and

gleaming eyes.
Yes, there, on the pillow, was a fair young head; under the counterpane was outlined a slender figure.
One of the wretches took from his breast-pocket a handkerchief and a bottle of chloroform. The next moment the fumes of the lethargic drug floated through the room, as the headlershipf was satured with the fluid and andkerchief was saturated with the fluid and held to the nostrils of the sleeper. Five, ten minutes glided away. With the exception of a moan or two, a low gasp for breath, not a sound disturbed the stillness of the room, while the handkerchief was wet again and again and held

to the victim's face.

At last the one who administered the chloroform lifted the little hand which lay outside on the bed-covering; it fell back lifelessly, a certain ring on one of the fingers shooting a sparkle of light into the gloom as it did so.

"I think we may venture to move her now."

"I think we may venture to move her now,"
he whispered. "Here's her dress on a chair. I
must get her shoes and stockings; and a shawl
and bonnet, if I can find them."

Ren Peart timed chout the

of fields and wayside flowers; perhaps some decling of remorse for the part he had played lowerd his own child touched and stung his

feeling of remorse for the part he had played toward his own child touched and stung his hardened heart, for he drew a deep sigh before he muttered:

"Blast it! I don't exactly like kidnapping my own daughter! Wish she could have behaved herself without! She's married to him, straight as a string, however; so that makes it all right. I had to stick to my promise to Alexander. We'll both of us be rich as blazes now. There's nothing can prevent it. She'll learn to like him when she gets used to him. She's a splendid girl and she'll have a splendid home, and, too, she'll find that Ben Brant can be kind to her. I'm just proud to be her father, and if I don't show it, it'll be her fault. But now I must make my way back to the station. There's a freight-train stops to water at two o'clock; I'll board that; a half-eagle will make it all right with the train-hands.

"I reckon, if Bill brings his wife to terms, that I'd better drop Esther like a hot potato, av' hurry on to Chicago. All I wanted was my girl. I don't care to bother Esther—if she lets me alone; and I've no time to fool away, that's certain. I'd have to stop and be witness if I had her arrested. Of course that was all gammon to scare her into doing what I wanted! In fact, I wouldn't venture to accuse her! They'd say I was the man who was the prisoner, once.

had her arrested. Of course that was all gammon to scare her into doing what I wanted! In fact, I wouldn't venture to accuse her! They'd say I was the man who was the prisoner, once, for that murder; that I was the only one who saw the deed done; that I did it myself!

"Let her go. She's got a good scare. I'll meet Bill at the Palmer House, and we'll go on to California together. Mercy will be glad to

meet Bill at the Falmer House, and we'll go on to California together. Mercy will be glad to behave herself before that. She'll be meek as a lamb, once she gives up that she's his wife!"

Ben had begun his walk to the station during his sollloquy. He meant to take the freight-train and be far from the village before the invokes of the far-phouse swake to the discovery. mates of the farm-house awake to the discovery that something had happened while they were

that something had happened while they were asleep.

"Man proposes, but God disposes." There were other persons awake and out on mysterious errands that starlit night. If there was a plot working against the innocent, there was also a trap being set to catch a fox.

Ben Brant had not traversed half the way back to the station when he was surprised to see three men coming along the road. He was surprised because he had a guilty conscience, and the hour was an unusual one for people to be abroad. As he would have passed them, they stopped; a heavy hand was laid on his shoulder.

der. "What's this?" cried Ben, with an oath, pull-"What's this?" cried Ben, with an oath, pulling a revolver from his breast.

"None o' that," cried the one whose hand clutched him. "I arrest you, Antonio Delgado, as an escaped prisoner, accused of the murder of Thomas Cleveland in the year 1857. Keep quiet a bit, and I'll read you the warrant."

A figure oath came hissing from between

A fierce oath came hissing from between Brant's teeth. So, by visiting this place again, he had been ecognized! Here was a pretty scrape! His

so, by visiting this place again, lie at a star recognized! Here was a pretty scrape! His immense interests in Nevada were suffering from his absence. He was in a great hurry to return, and here he was—a prisoner, with the prospect of months spent in a country His thoughts, for the present, went no further

than that. Imprisonment was bad enough, under the circumstances. He did not ask himself if there was any more serious danger.

"I'll have to blow on Esther," was what he

thought.

He would make an effort to escape. He went on quietly until they neared the railroad crossing just out of the village. There, by a sudden spring, he attempted to throw off his captors. out they were on their guard, and his ruse did not succeed.
"Come, no more of that," and the sheriff clap

"Come, no more of that," and the sherm chapped a pair of handcuffs about his wrists.

"You're mistaken in your man, and I'll make you pay for this," threatened the prisoner.

"My name is Benjamin Brant. I am just from Fr'isco—came on East to 'tend to some mining matters. I'm able to buy out the hull of this picayune State, an' he'll be sorry who makes istake o' coopin' me up

"We will see about that when your examina-tion takes place. If you are the wrong man there will be no great harm done; and if you're the right man we shall want to keep

Who says I'm-I'm that other chap?" "One of our citizens thought he recognized you as soon as you stepped off the cars. He kept an eye on you, and when he found you hanging about the very farm-house, just as you did in '57, he was sure of his man. What have you been doing out here at this time of pricht environment."

Brant had no reply to this leading question. He silently hoped that Alexander would be out of Connecticut before morning with the fair

ompanion of his ride.

It had been the idea of the two conspirators that if Mercedes could be kept in Alexander's company through that long, lonely ride, her womanly pride and care for her good name would make her willing to consent to have the

would make her wind to consent on have a marriage ceremony repeated, since she denied being a party to the first rites.

It was a cruel mode of forcing her into a marriage she detested; but Ben Brant had no mercy where his own interests were at stake.

His punishment was coming upon him rather couldness were not turning out, as far quickly. Things were not turning out, as far as he was concerned, at all as he had anti-

To be in the hands of a sheriff, to have his weapons taken from him, to be locked in an uncomfortable cell in the same jail from which he had once escaped, were scenes not set

which he had once estapled, we're scene hou down in the programme he had arranged.

No sleep visited his busy brain the brief remainder of the night. He spent the hours in alternately cursing his luck and deciding on the plan of his defense.

He resolved to deny that he was Antonio Del-

per self-respect, and a willingness to trail in the dust the proud name of a peer of the

realm.

Henry denied that he had any thoughts or plans of marriage; said that he did not even know where Mercedes was; but acknowledged that he was very unhappy, and begged his parent to allow him time to conquer his pas-

"It is no way to conquer it to remain where "It is no way to conquer it to remain where you will be constantly reminded of it, Henry."
"Oh, father, I am so dispirited and hopeless, I do not feel like showing my face in England."
"How do you suppose I feel, my boy? It is I who have been made a fool of!" and the haughty "peer of the realm" actually groaned.
"I am so sorry for you, father!—I wish you were half as sorry for me! If you were you would not object to my taking my time to come home—you would give me a chance to recover

were half as sorry for me! If you were you would not object to my taking my time to come home—you would give me a chance to recover myself. I wish I were dead!" added the young fellow, dropping into a chair, with drooping head and eyes fixed on the floor.

"You will get over that."

"Never! The hurt is too deep—here," placing his hand over his heart.

"Oh, yes you will. Your disappointment is not to be mentioned in the same breath with mine! You are young—'the world is all before you where to choose"—but I am past the age of romance. I shall not make an idiot of myself twice! I shall go back forlorn, my life all gray and tame. I had built up quite a castle in Spain, my boy. You will not believe how lovely and pleasant it was—all gold and white in a garden of roses. Do you know that Esther means the same as Stella—a star? She was my star! A magnificent woman! And now she has cruelly disappointed me. Your griefs are light compared with mine, boy; you will outlive them."

"I do not want to live," Henry murmured again, two great, hot tears dropping from his blue eyes. "I have already lived long enough to know that life's very best is a poor recompense for the sorrows it entails."

"Nonsens!"

"Father, you saw her, three evenings ago.

"Father, you saw her, three evenings ago. You know what she is. Do you think I shall care for anything in this world when I have sailed away from the country that holds her?"

"She was a rare creature, I confess. But, you

will find others."

"I loved her the first instant I saw her! Miss-Silverman had no more than spoken our names to one another than my very soul was hers. Why was that, if it was not that we were made for one another? I knew she was my fate from that hour. She liked me, too. There was no pretense of indifference between us. It was impossible for us to hide our hearts."

"I wish you would tell me what her aunt has done to make a muddle of all our destinies! I cannot comprehend."

"I wish you would tell me what her aunt has done to make a muddle of all our destinies! I cannot comprehend."

"I cannot tell you, father. Of only one thing can I assure you—that, as a woman, she is pure and modest, without stain. But her life is so linked in with the misdeeds of others, so shadowed by one dreadful act of her own, done when she was not herself, that—that she feels that she would wrong you to marry you."

"Why did she not say so at first?"

"She loved you; and she hoped the shadow had passed. Late events have alarmed her—ah, great heaven! she is right! I do not wish you to marry her! I am wretched—hopeless—I know that what I desire can never be! But, father, I am weak, foolish, fond! I cannot tear myself away at once; it will be like tearing the bleeding heart out of my bosom."

He looked up, pale, haggard, his young face written over with the lines of his suffering. His father could not resist such pleading.

"Remain, if you wish. All I ask is, that you will be prudent."

The earl no more understood why it was that his son was so hopeless of marriage with the

The earl no more understood why it was that The earl no more understood why it was that his son was so hopeless of marriage with the young lady than he understood why Esther had so suddenly broken her engagement with him only two days before their wedding was to have taken place. He surmised that some crime or disgrace hung over the family; further than that he knew nothing.

"I love her! I love her!" burst again from Henry's lips, with a passion of grief. "Oh, father, you cannot tell how this is hurting me! But I am selfish; you, too, dear father, are suffering."

fering."
In his secret heart the earl believed that he was the one who most needed sympathy. Henry was young and would outlive his first love, but his liking for that stately and brilliant woman was a deeper feeling, and one not likely to bloom again—a rare, sweet flower, which had appeared as by miracle amid the mellow fruitage of the centy autumn of his life.

ed as by miracle amid the mellow fruitage of the early autumn of his life.

"I think I shall keep my promise to attend the wedding reception at Mrs. Ogden Livingstone's," he said, presently. "It is to-night. I might send regrets—but, I am going! To-morrow I shall be on the ocean, sailing away from all my happy hopes, but to-night is my own."

"You will not see Miss Silverman there, father," answered Henry, with a vivid remembrance of that white face and those despairing eyes from whose presence he had gone out that morning.

'I do not expect it. Why should I try to see

"I do not expect it." Why should I aly cover her again?"

Yet, if the earl had not, almost unknown to himself, believed that he might see Esther there, he would hardly have troubled himself to meet a crowd of strangers that night.

Mrs. Livingstone was a part of the cream of the cream of New York "best society." It pleased her to know that she was to have an earl and his son at her fair daughter's wedding reception. Bitter would have been her disappointment had they recalled their acceptance; bright grew her eyes when, about ten o'clock that evening, in the hight of the brilliant crush, her lions made their welcome appearance. Exceeding great was her triumph when the courher lions made their welcome appearance. Exceeding great was her triumph when the courteous earl complimented the lovely arrangement of the costly and beautiful flowers which lavishly adorned and embowered the suits of superbrooms. She nearly yielded to the temptation of telling him how many thousands of dollars the fragile decoration cost; but she was a well-bred woman and restrained herself. All the married belles made efforts to gain the attention of the earl; all the marriageable ones, of his son.

The great sadness which weighed down the earl's spirits was felt by those about him to be reserve and pride; they did not guess how eagerly

serve and pride; they did not guess how eagerly he watched and waited for one whom he soon despaired of seeing; for not a hint of Miss Silverman's engagement had gotten out; a caution on her part for which now she was thankful

From room to room he wandered slowly, as

plan of his defense.

Two courses were open to him. To deny that he was Antonio Delgado, in the hope that it could not be proved, was one course. To confess that he was that personage, and tell the true story of the murder, was the other.

He would not have hesitated on Esther's account to pursue the latter plan; but he had no idea his story would be believed unless Esther chose to confirm it. It would also involve him in more delay; while, if he could successfully deny his identity with Delgado, he might be discharged at once, with only a few hours' detention.

From room to room he wandered slowly, as the first and in the conservatory, and the hall up stairs where dancing was going on.

"It was madness of me to think she would come out! Of course she is in deep trouble of some kind," he murmured, despairingly.

But, Esther was only a woman—a passionate, loving woman, whose heart, long kept down in silence and darkness by that early tragedy, had arisen in its might at last to claim its own. She would not link this proud man whom she loved to her disgrace. But she could not let him go without one more look! rithout one more look

without one more look!

She had gone to bed at dusk with a raging headache, had fallen into a troubled slumber and awakened from it with the sudden resolve

"Madame?" answered the startled girl.

"It was a jest," said her mistress, with a bitter, reckless laugh. "Now, Rosine, I must be off, or the one I desire to meet at Mrs. Livingstone's will have left there. Wait up for me; I shall not be long away."

The other ladies who hovered about the hostess took on a faded look when Esther Silverman presented herself. Her always splendid beauty was, to-night, more than merely splendid. The despair, love, anguish at her heart, shone through, not as suffering, but as rich and superb expression and coloring. The rose on her cheek was warm, the fire in her eye dazzling.

"Very poor taste of her to wear white satin, richer than nine!" complained the bride.

Esther had no thought of outshining the newmade wife. She wore her best, but it was that Gascoigne might see her in it!

As soon as possible, she ensconced herself in a deep window-seat, and, from her nook, beheld the earl moving restlessly from room to room, evidently in search of her.

Her eyes fed on his grave, sad face; her spirit rose in protest against her own unhappy fate.

Her eyes fed on his grave, sad face; her spirit rose in protest against her own unhappy fate. Why should she not be his wife?

Why should she not be his wife?

The gay, softly-beating, softly-repeating strains of the delicious dance measures almost made her scream aloud, so wrought to almost frenzy did she grow, gazing at the one she loved, knowing that happiness had slipped out of her grasp. Over and over to herself she murmured some verses that floated to the surface of her memory, though she knew not how they came there:

"Still that music underneath Works to madness in my brain. Even the roses seem to breathe Poisoned perfumes, full of pain.

"Let me think!—my head is aching.
I have little strength to think;
And I know my heart is breaking;
Yet, oh love, I will not shrink!

"In his look is such sweet sadness, As he bends that look on me. I am helpless—call it madness, Call it guilt—but it must be!"

Call it guilt—but it must be!"

The sharp darts of pain that shot through Esther's head became more frequent. Once or twice it occurred to her that she was feeling much as she felt that horrible day, so many weary years ago, when her twin-sister died, and—and—so many other things happened.

Presently the earl, wandering listlessly about, doing his best to appear interested and pleased, for courtesy's sake, felt a strange, magnetic attraction drawing him to a certain part of the back drawing-room; he made his way through ranks of silks and jewels and saw the star-eyes of Esther fixed full upon him.

"Ah, you are here?" he said, tenderly, as soon as he could reach her side. "I have been looking for you so long that I was about to leave in despair."

despair."
"Gascoigne!" her low, thrilling voice breathed music into his name.

How beautiful, how faultless she looked!
What could there be to set the sea between her and him? How her eyes shone!—dark as night,

and nm; How her eyes shore;—dark as light, bright as diamonds.

"Esther," he whispered, bending over her, "you are a beautiful mystery to me! I do not understand why you are here to-night if you and I are to be separated. Take back that cruel message you sent me. Say to me, now, that it was a jest."

message you sent me. Say to me, now, that it was a jest."

"It was no jest, Gascoigne. Something dark and dreadful lies between us. Let me whisper to you what that hideous thing is. Murder—it is murder! My hand is red with blood. Look at it!" she tore off her glove and held up her soft, white, shapely hand, while her glittering eyes searched his face with a curious, intent look.

"You are ill and over-excited, Esther," spoke the earl, beginning to feel uneasy, half-shrinking from her fixed gaze.

"I am ill, Gascoigne. My head aches terribly. I think I shall go mad with the pain."

"Shall I call your carriage? Will you go to the dressing-room?"

"Yes, if you please, Gascoigne!"

the dressing-room?"

"Yes, if you please, Gascoigne!"

She arose to take his offered arm. Perhaps the sudden emotion increased the pain in her head, for she gave a low, sharp scream, and would have fallen had he not caught her.

"She has fainted," he cried, to those about him.

Alas! it was worse than an ordinary faintingfit. It was just such a deep unconsciousness as that from which she once awoke in the ravings

Finding that she could not be revived, her physician was sent for, and she was placed in her carriage and taken home under his care. Before morning the congestion had partially passed away; but Esther was in a high fever

and delirious.

Faithful Rosine put away her lady's jewels and satin robe, and went to her bedside to watch patiently over her.

"Miss Mercedes ought to be here," she said, to Mephistopheles, "but I do not know where the item how to find her."

(To be continued—commenced in No. 431.)

A THRUSH'S SONG.

BY ERN E. STILLMAN.

I saw a wee bird swinging, swinging,
Close by a pellucid lake,
On a wild, brown rush—
A brown, wild thrush;
And beneath him the ripples brake.

I heard this glad bird singing, singing, And his song was loud and clear: So freighted with joy, With naught to cloy, As he sung it behind the mere.

And through my heart went ringing, ringing,
A beautiful, tender strain,
Like the thrush's song
The rushes among,
Or the tinkling of summer rain.

Then went the brown bird winging, winging
Away to the flushing west;
Oh! a maiden fair Ah! why sings the song in my breast?

Wild Will,

THE MAD RANCHERO;

THE TERRIBLE TEXANS. A Romance of Kit Carson, Jr., and Big

Foot Wallace's Long Trail.

sinews were stretched to their utmost tension, he succeeded, being on the edge of the bank, in throwing himself and the bear over the brink, and the two rolled over and over down into the water, the knife of Raven being driven between the animal's ribs to the hilt, as often as the In-

astonished manner, "if this don't beat ther devil! What in ther name of Crockett, are cumin' next? It's a danged queer time fer ther Tonk to be b'ar-huntin', but I reckon by ther way things looks ther b'ar war a-huntin' ther Tonk. That animile must be an old 'quaintance an' he's a mighty 'fectionate cuss; he's soft on ther red, an' heavy on the hug. Look a-thar, boys; by the way that water b'iles reckon they're havin' a reg'lar fandango, but ther drink kinder shets the way that water b'iles reckon they re havni, a reg'lar fandango, but ther drink kinder shets off ther music. I ain't at all skeered 'bout ther look; he's full o' grit an' game till ther last. Reckon that bear 'll never hang 'round anuther bee-tree. Hurra! Thar's our Tonk! jist a clawn' up ther bank down below thar, and yer can its thet that har are fish-hait by that. Our on jist bet that b'ar are fish-bait by that. Cum on, boys; our horses 'll get chilled; it ar' time we war t'other side."

"Sure, Misther Big Fut," exclaimed Larry, in a terrified manner, "I'm thinkin' it's mesilf that'll go back beyont to the ranch. I'm not falin' at all well: am not used to sayin' such heathenish things, as I have seen this night. God kape me frum ever passin' anuther sich! Begorror, it's a fool I was, to ever l'ave ould Ireland. How far does the likes of ye call it to the salt say, from this beast of a place? Sure, I'm famished fur fude, an' dyin' fur slape; but child rather at nor risk wild sich murtherin'.

I c'u'd nather ate nor rist wid sich murtherin' sights about me."

"Waal, Larry," said Big Foot, a broad grin overspreading his face, "make a blue streak back, if yer want, but yer can jist stop at ther place Wild Will war cookin' Injuns an' tell that beauty to cum un this a-ways, an' give us a hand beauty to cum up this-a-ways, an' give us a hand

an' fight in yer place."
"Howly muther o' Moses! I clean furgit him entirely, bedad! but I'd face a dozen divils wid entirely, bedad! but I'd face a dozen divils wid you b'ys afore I'd go alone within a mile ev him. I'm thinkin' I can't stur wid any safety to mesilf, anyways, an' I'm forced to stay wid yez, anyhow," and Larry, jerking his head about in every direction, as if expecting some new horror, spurred his horse, and scrambled up the opposite bank with the others, and they halted their animals, all dripping with water, by the tree which supported the dead Comanches.

"Ther boys hav' gone in heavy right on ther amp fur reg'lar biz," declared Big Foot, but, whar in thunderation are they a-hidin'

At this moment Tom and Joe, with a low whistle of caution, sprung into the midst of the party; and the Tonkaway looking wet and fatigued joined them, coming fresh from his struggle with the bear e with the bear.

No allusion was made by the boys in regard to the laughable mistake their pards had made, when they had discovered the dead Indians, as they knew Big Foot would feel sore on the sub-

'Mighty glad ter see yer, boys," welcom; "we need yer right now if ever. hav' gone on a lone scout inter ther camp o' ther reds in spite of all we c'u'd do, an' if he's gob-bled it ain't no fault o' ours. I reckon with you boys we can make a clean sweep through them without gittin' corraled, an' if they've got Kit, as things look, why, they can't keep him frum this crowd, ner Mollie either. Howdy, Tonk? Hope yer hain't hurt my b'ar. What's ther difficult atween yer?"

"No like Raven take scalp," answered the Tonkaway. "Hug Raven ticht claws share.

Tonkaway. "Hug Raven tight claws, sharp.
Raven knife more sharp—more long—find heart—gone down river—catfish eat him."
"How did yer clean out them reds?" interrupted Jack, addressing Tom.
"We lay off in ther brush," explained Tom,
"an' knifed the whole capoodle. We hain't

"we lay off in their brush," explained from, "an' knifed the whole caboodle. We hain't used no shootin'-irons since we've laid round here, ner slung no loose jaw. It's only three miles up to their camp o' their reds an' they're as bold an' brash as if they had a thousand braves."

"Waal, yer hav' harnessed a few on 'em up," returned Jack, "an' they don't 'pear tew kick actin' their traces much. Six pushes a good

ag'in' ther traces much. Six makes a good team; but them looks rather balky an' too bad-ty spavined to draw much of a load," and Jack gave a quiet laugh while he punched Clown in

Just at this moment the fusilade from the re-volvers of Kit, as he laid Mary on the grass and fired into the savages who were pursuing them, struck the ears of the Rangers, ever acute, borne down, as the reports were, by the night By the blood of Crockett!" yelled Big Foot

"that goes Kit's shooters! He's alone, boys, an' wants help. Mount for yer lives! A Texan! a Ranger! a White Man is fighting for his life! Sling yersel's ready fur blood an' vengeance." an' remember, no mercy! no quarter! an' split-thar camp if thar's a thousand of 'em'"

There was a dashing and plunging of mus-tangs as Tom and Joe prepared to join the impa-

"Keep by my nag, Larry," cried Big Foot; 'keep by me, an' shoot ther red cusses when year can draw a bead. Yer'll soon git ter like c, an' it'll cum easy. Are yer ready, boys? One minute may lose a white man's life." But his last words were drowned by a long, piercing, unearthly yell, that rung from the op-

The moon broke free from the black cloud The moon broke free from the black cloud that had hung like a pall between it and the earth, showing to the astonished Rangers, who sat their horses, as if suddenly petrified, the form of Wild Will, the Red Trailer, upon his horse, who came bounding with maddening leaps and eves protruding with terror.

The dreadful yell or scream of Will Halliday cut the night air, and sent a thrill of horror to the very marrow of those who awaited his coming, without sense enough left in them to clear the way.

Up the steep bank sprung the terrified, panting steed, covered with foam, bearing his mad

On they came—Will's eyes staring straight before him, showing no sign that he saw his old friends and dashed past them at headlong speed through the oaks, and out into the prairie beyond, followed by the Rangers who halted as they cleared the bottom timber.

Larry, pale as death, his teeth chattering, kept in the midst of the Texans, grasping his saddle horn with the desperation of despair.

Wild Will turns his horse directly up the river and points for the Indian camp.

How does he know its location? No one has told him and if such was the case he is too in told him, and if such was the case he is too in-

Sane to understand.

No more horrible sight could be presented to the eye than Wild Will now going on a red trail.

face, his long black hair flying in the wind, the fiendish, vengeful look in his eyes—his howls, shrieks and laughter, as he dashes along, all proclaim that the Red Trailer comes, for blood!

CHAPTER XIV.

CHAPTER XIV.

BY "BUCKSKIN SAM."

(MAJOR SAM S. HALL.)

CHAPTER XIII.

THE MAD AVENGER.

As Big Foot and his party were riding through the ford, the Tonkaway was just running his scalping-knife around the head of the last Indian, in the death ring about the tree, when he was grasped from behind by the huge black bear which had previously played a part in the death of the Comanches.

Raven knew in an instant the fix he was in, as the huge claws clasped about him, and by a sudden twist brought himself about to face the bear, before the powerful claws met too closely around his breast.

With another desperate struggle, in which his sinews were stretched to their utmost tension, he succeeded, being on the edge of the bank, in throwing himself and the hear over the knin.

head, so erect when hissing hot words at his captors, is now drooped upon his breast, the flashing eyes are shaded by the quivering lids, while the long lashes rest upon his cheeks, through which hot, burning tears are washing trails through the blood and paint.

But the tears come not from sufferings of his

the animal's ribs to the hilt, as often as the Indian could get room to swing his arm.

Both rolled down and disappeared beneath the dark waters, in plain view of Big Foot and his party, as they were in the river crossing.

'Waal," shouted Big Foot, in an excited and in the animal strict of the hilt, as often as the Introduction of the survive was in through which hot, burning tears are washing trails through the blood and paint.

But the tears come not from sufferings of his selves.

The mustangs of Larry and the Tonkaway were both killed in the latter part of the fight.

Clown, who had been guarding the stock, was relieved, and satisfied himself in the way of eathers in through which hot, burning tears are washing trails through the blood and paint.

But the tears come not from sufferings of his own; they are brought out by the heartrending with the survive been sufficient for twenty men of in-door habits.

Clown, who had been guarding the stock, was relieved, and satisfied himself in the way of eathers in through which hot, burning tears are washing trails through the blood and paint.

But the tears come not from sufferings of his own; they are brought out by the heartrending the stock, was relieved, and satisfied himself in the way of eathers in through which hot, burning tears are washing trails through the blood and paint.

But the tears come not from sufferings of his own; they are brought out by the heartrending the stock, was relieved, and satisfied himself in the way of eathers.

Clown, who had been guarding the stock, was relieved, and satisfied himself in the way of eathers in through which hot, burning tears are washing the stock of the fight.

Clown, who had been guarding the stock, was relieved, and satisfied himself in the way of eathers.

The mustangs of Larry and the Tonkaway were both killed in the latter part of the fight.

Larry had kept near the guarding the stock, was relieved, and satisfied himself in the way of eathers.

The mustangs of Larry and the Tonkaway were been sufficient for tw

On comes the sound of the clattering hoofs; the air is filled with yells so strange, so unlike anything they have ever heard before, that the Indians huddle together in superstitious terror. On, on plunged, they knew not what.

The bushes and branches crack and bend, and out into the clearing, bursting from the thick border of trees, comes Wild Will—an apparition so unearthly, so horrible, so unlooked for, that quivering hands are unable to fit arrow to bowstring, and guns shake like the aspen.

string, and guns shake like the aspen. So fiendish and wild is the vision which breaks unexpectedly upon them that braves who have never known fear gaze with amazement and dread at the madman and maddened horse.

One wild yell—in which were blended satisfaction and bitter hatred—sprung from the lips of Will, as he bounded in among the massed Indians, a revolver in each hand, and, with lightning rapidity, sent ball after ball on their errands of death.

Bear Clay arrange from the ground and in the

rands of death.

Bear Claw sprung from the crowd, and in the confusion gained the shelter and dragged Mary out into the woods, thinking the father had come for his child, and by some means would take his captive from him.

Black Wolf, unable to form his braves, sprung toward Kit his captive, where the confusion was the continuous toward the continuous transfer.

toward Kit, his captive, whose eyes were taking note of everything in the strange scene before

The glittering steel flashed in his face, a mutered prayer was on his lips, as a ball from one of Wild Will's revolvers went crashing through he skull of the Comanche chief, who fell dead

the skull of the Comanche chief, who fell dead at the feet of his white enemy.

At the death of their chief, the Indians became desperate. Realizing that he who was dealing death upon all sides was mortal, and not, as they first supposed, an evil spirit from the other world, arrows and bullets now flew as thick as hail about and near Wild Will and Kit, as the former leaned down from his horse and ran his bowie-knife across the thongs which bound the latter to the torture-tree.

ran his bowie-knife across the thongs which bound the latter to the torture-tree.

A dozen arrows hung from the thick Mexican blanket which was secured to Will's shoulders, and flying behind, and this blanket saved the maniac from death many times.

Before Kit could comprehend that Wild Will was cutting him free, a ball from an Indian rifle struck him, glancing and plowing a furrow along the side of his already bruised head, and rendering him senseless.

rendering him senseless.

With a yell of triumph Will grasped Kit by the belt, and drew his senseless form up before

Howls of rage filled the air, and the Indians fought each other, endeavoring to make their way toward and prevent the escape of the two whites; but, having no leader, and being so demoralized, they were but a mixed, wrangling mob, falling over their own dead and wounded. Wild Will turned in his saddle, and with an nsane peal of laughter, drove his bowie into his

The animal, with a scream of terror and pain, ounded with headlong speed clear of the Co-nanche camp, leaving near a score of dead and lying Indians to mark the passage of the Red

Trailer.

The Indians were so confused at the death of so many of their comrades and their chief—all slain by one man—that they did not know they were on the eve of a more desperate encounter.

There was but a single exception, and that was the chief, Bear Claw.

Beturning from the woods where he had see

the camp.

A few bounds brought him in a position where he distinctly saw, not a half-mile away, seven horsemen that he knew were white men.

He comprehended in a moment that it would know that certain death would come to his people. With great speed Bear Claw immediately ran to where his favorite mustang was picketed, threw on saddle and adjusted a loup-rein in an instant; then, springing on his horse's back, he gave a warning yell to his comrades, which was drowned in the confusion and yells, and then rode back to where he had concealed Mary.

Once more he placed his captive before him in the saddle, and taking a northerly direction he urged his mustang to its greatest speed.

urged his mustang to its greatest speed.

Weakened by suffering and horror, her senseless form, in the arms of a bloodthirsty savage, was borne one way as fast as a fleet prairie steed could go, while her hero lover, wounded and senseless, and nearer death than life, in the arms of a madman on a wild, terrified horse, flew over the prairie in another direction, un-conscious of the yells and insane laughter which urged on the steed in its wild course.

CHAPTER XV "RIDE up, Larry, an' show yer grit!" exclaimed Big Foot. "Boys, all ready with yer shooters! Remember that grave back ther, shooters! Remember that grave back ther'. Here we are! At 'em! give 'em hot lead."

Vith the Texas yell ringing like a knell to those before them, the Rangers drove their spurs deep into the flanks of their mustangs, and bounded through the trees and bushes into the midst of the Comanches, sending the lead from their revolvers hurtling through the doubly confused and scared mass of Indians.

The charge of Wild Will was a bewildering surprise, it was so strange and unexpected, but

The charge of Wild Will was a bewildering surprise, it was so strange and unexpected, but that of the seven scouts was a greater one.

The Indians were taken at a disadvantage, and it was a perfect massacre.

In ten minutes every Indian in sight was dead, or dying, for the red-skins, having no leader, many of them fled to the woods, wild with fright at the strange events of the night, and some who seemed to have lost all reasoning power, ran to the open prairie toward their horses, hotly pursued by the Rangers who shot them down.

All the mustangs of the war-party, besides many they had stolen from the ranches, were recaptured by the scouts and driven in near the camp.

That Black Wolf had tried to kill Kit could be easily seen by the position of the chief's body. Not one of the Rangers escaped without a wound, some of a serious nature, or would have been so considered by any but men like them:

scare—heap 'fraid fast shootin'-guns."

"Waal, ma'be so; yer oughter know than natur'; as tew whar they're gone, I'm bu'stin' my head a-thinkin' on. I can't put things right ter suit me. I'm ther wust mixed-up man in this crowd; never seen things turn out so danged unnat'ral-like afore. What yer all thinkin' 'bout, boys?"

unnat'ral-like afore. What yer all thinkin' 'bout, boys?"

"I'll tell yer what's glidin' through my brainbox," answered Tom Clark. "I ha'n't forgut them revolver-shots, what we heard when Kit war a-playin' a lone hand, an' I thought possibly, fact are, I put it up, as a dead sure thing that Kit got bad hurt, afore the reds tied him up, an' like enuf he had Mollie, jist a h'istin' hisself fur our camp, when he dun ther shootin'. Put this an' that together, an' I says he war in too bad a fix ter git away hisself, an' so some-body's gone an' tuck him."

"Thar's a heap o' sense in yer talk, Tom," said Big Foot; "but how about Mollie, she—"

"I have made up that item clear in my mind," interrupted Joe. "It is plain to see that the chief, Bear Claw, down below at the fight at Will's ranch, left his braves when we charged them, and run with Mary; now our not finding his dead body, I think he has taken Mary and left on the sly, leaving the Indians without a chief—in fact, has played the same hand he did at the ranch. Struck with Mollie's beauty, he's a-going to make her his squaw,"

"Joe's

a-going to make her his squaw,"
"Joe's words good," said Raven; "Joe's tongue straight—Tom good council talk—both

tongue straight—Tom good council talk—both great scout—"
"Boys!" cried out Jack Hodge, "one thing are sure—thar ain't no stage-route here, an' consequently they has gone off on two or four legs. The fust owin' ter weakness, ain't tew be thunk of, an' if they are bein' took away hossback, I reckon we has sum tall old ridin' afore us."
"Bet yer my interest in ther Mexican Republic,' broke in Clown, "that the reds, what stampeded from here, fetch up with another pack. They w'nldn't be so danged bold if thar war'n't a big crowd within a day's ride or so, but, I'd like mighty well ter know whar it war Kit done his shootin'; 'tain't reasonable ter think Kit done his shootin'; 'tain't reasonable ter think any of ther de'd reds here in ther camp ware knocked under by him. If he war takin' Mol-lie, he would 'a' made a streak fur ther ford, not

No sooner had Clown spoken, than Raven spring to his feet, muttering:
"Raven heap big fool!" and glided out of the circle of fire-light past the blanket shelter, and disappeared in the darkness beneath the branches of the oaks.

There was but a single exception, and that was the chief, Bear Claw.

Returning from the woods where he had secreted Mary, he saw Wild Will gallop toward the west with great speed, Kit hanging before him across the saddle, like a dead man. His warriors were, he knew, in a terrible state.

He paused an instant on the border of the wood, and glanced around. His sharp ears—he being some distance from the confusion of the camp—detected the sound of galloping horses coming from down the river, from the same point whence Wild Will had come dashing into the camp.

A few bounds brought him in a position

of the oaks.

"Keep on, boys; sling yer council-talk, as ther Tonk says," exclaimed Big Foot. "Things are gittin' a little more clear, an' I reckon day-light 'll show everything strai't. It's gittin' light a lettle now what the sun pops up. That Tonk are the whitest red I ever saw; I kind ter soften on him. Larry, I didn't allow, ware wuth shucks, but he went in, as brash as a black wolf amung buffler-calves. How duz yer feel, Larry?"

"Fale, is it?" answered Larry; "I'm a-falin' as wake an' faint as a new born babe. Phat do the red divils do for 'atin'! Sure I see nothin' ar'und that w'u'd keep a mouse from staryin'

ar'und that w'u'd keep a mouse from starvin' without he turns horse an' ates grass. Phat wur sich divils made fur, to bother us wid howls an' yells an' the loike of that, let alone runnin' others mad wid grafe, and murtherin' females widout marcy? Murdher an' turf, but it's mediative widout marcy? He comprehended in a moment that it would be useless to try and get the Indians into any order to meet the charge of the Rangers. He had seen enough of their fast-shooting guns to know that certain death would come to his people. With great speed Bear Claw immediately ago, and wore afther bain banished wid the snakes be Saint Patrick, Heaven bless him! The curse on the red h'athen, for they has killed me curse on the red h'athen, for they has killed me curse on the red h'athen, for they has killed me horse, as dacent an anemile as ever was after whiskin' a tail; an' a kind fri'nd he was to me. whishin a tail; an a kind frind he was to me.

I forgive him fur thryin' to sind me down the
stape bank beyon'. I'm thinkin' he had a mind
to commit shuoside, that time. God knows.
Faith! he won't tell. Bedad a good horse is the
best fri'nd a man c'u'd hav' in this cuss ev a
c'unthry, an' me heart's falin' sad, indade it is,
fur the loss ev him."

"Don't frot I carry!" said Rig Woot.

best fri'nd a man cu'd hay in this cuss ev a c'unthry, an' me heart's falin' sad, indade it is, fur the loss ev him."

"Don't fret, Larry," said Big Foot; "you've got friends here what'll go ther life on yer. I like yer better fur yer thinkin' of yer critter; but, yer shall take yer pick outen the hull caboodle what we has got in the morning."

"And, Larry," added Joe, "I'll go and see if I can't corral some grub. I'm as hungry as you—all of us are; and it will be strenge if I don't forage up some kind of eatables in as large a camp as this, if it ain't more'n some driedbeef," and Joe started on a tour of inspection, avoiding the heaps of dead Indians.

The Tonkaway now put in an appearance, and stood within the circle of firelight with folded arms, awaiting to be questioned.

"Waal, Tonk?" asked Big Foot, earnestly. "Has yer struck anything fresh?"

"Yes," replied Raven, 'me find where Eagle Eye shoot—kill Comanche—big fight—dark night—Eagle Eye great warrior—red-men run fast—throw hatchet—shoot arrow—hit Eagle Eye—he much blood lose—know nothin' when tie up—drag him on ground."

"Told yer so, boys!" cried Tom, quickly; "I knowed he w'u'd a fit till he drapped, an' w'u'd keep'em a-t'arin' grass, as long as he could grip a shooter or bowie. I'm on ther anxious seat fur daylite, fur it's jist ther dangest thing whar he c'u'd a-scooted. His corpus ain't here, that ar' a comfort."

Reckless, Joe now came up with a calf-skin sack of dried buffalo-meat, and again returned to the north portion of the camp and brought on his back a bag of parched corn.

"There, boys," he exclaimed, with a satisfied smile, "there's grub. Pitch in, Larry, and forget your noble steed, or, if you can't do that, remember he died in a good cause. Gentlemen, I bid you to the feast; you are welcome, and it sha'n't cost you even a Texas laund-warrant. Don't let the extensiveness of the bill of fare worry you; select your dishes and sail in."

Long befere Joe had finished speaking all hands were eating like famished wolves, and Joe made a grab

grinders to work, an' h'ist in enuf feed ter keep yer stiff fur a sixty-mile run."

The gray streaks of approaching dawn appeared in the eastern horizon as the Rangers finished eating an amount of food that would have been sufficient for twenty men of in-door hab-

cutting as deep as her groans of anguish cut into his heart.

But a sudden commotion stirs the Comanche camp; sharp, quick signals of alarm are transmitted from sentinel to sentinel. A long, shrill, piercing shriek comes cutting through the air from down the river. Warriors spring from their blankets, grasp their weapons, listen, then look with wonder at each other, for they know by the sound that but a single horse is approaching the camp.

Brush and wood are thrown upon the fires, although the mon now makes the night almost as light as day.

On comes the sound of the clattering hoofs; the air is filled with yells so strange, so unlike anything they have ever heard before, that the Indians huddle together in superstitious terror.

It is fighting qualities showed themselves, and he went in with a will, using his gun as he would a shillelah, cracking skulls right and left; in fact Larry performed his part in a manner that called forth the praise of all, especially from Big Foot, who now paid particular attention to his "picked-up" pard.

When the Rangers found it impossible to ascertain by any trail or sign the whereabouts of either Kit or Mary, they seated themselves about one of the Indian camp-fires to rest from their long and hard ride, the sum would shortly show them sure signs of what had become of their friends.

The Tonkaway soon glided into the circle, and stood in the firelight a moment, casting a wandering glance around the camp, and then had brought attached to his saddle and a small bag of Rio. When the fragrant aroma of the latter became diffused around, the Rangers all rushed back to the fire, producing thin cups, and soon were joining Clown in drink-alled forth the praise of all, especially from Big Foot, who now paid particular attention to impossible to ascertain by any trail or sign the whereabouts of either Kit or Mary, they seated themselves, and left; in a camp of the latter became diffused around, the Rangers all rushed back to the fire, producing the number of the Indian latter became tha

shortly show them sure signs of what had beshortly show them sure signs of what had beshortly show them sure signs of what had beshortly show them sure signs of what had been tied, and down on his substitution of searching every footprint, and noting the position of everything about the tree, and show war council—what think—where Mary gone—where Kit gone—Comanche no kill—let Big Foot chief speak—Raven's ears open."

"Keep yer eyes open, Tonk," said Big Foot, it keep yer eyes open, "fur sum o' them glancing around the camp, and then afterward came with his horse and then afterward came with his horse and the camp and then afterward came with his horse and the camp and the section to be the tied, and down on his hands and knees, searching every footprint, and noting the position of everything about the tree and soon found the kith ad been tied, and down on his hands and knees, searching every footprint, and noting the position of everything about the tree and soon found the kith ad been tied, and down on his hands and knees, searching every footprint, and noting the position of everything about the tree.

"How is limp nary word to bother. The Tonkaway in a moment was at the tree the which Kit had been tied, and down on his hands and knees, searching every footprint, and noting the position of everything about the tree.

The Tonkaway in a moment was at the tree which Kit had been tied, and down on his hands and knees, searching every footprint, and noting the position of everything about the tree. open."

"Keep yer eyes open, Tonk," said Big Foot, glancing around the camp, "fur sum o' them skulking smoky-skins might send ther cards in ther shape of a blue whistler in at us. We ain't bad targits, jist about now, 'round this here fire."

"Comanche gone," answered Raven; "pick up feet fast—way up river—no stop—much scare—heap 'fraid fast shootin'-guns."

"Waal, ma'be so; yer oughter know thar "Waal, ma'be so; yer oughter know thar "Halting opposite Big Foot, Raven spoke:

"Halting opposite Big Foot, Raven spoke:

anxiety they felt at his success.

Halting opposite Big Foot, Raven spoke:

"Raven find trails—plain as Medina river—
Red Trailer shoot heap—shoot Black Wolf—
Black Wolf try kill Eagle Eye—Will, he ride
quick—cut Eagle Eye loose—Eagle shot bad—
no know nothing—Wild Will take him on mustang—go over prairie that way—where sun go
sleep—Bear Claw leave warrior—no fight—want
Mary for squaw—drag in woods—get horse—
take Mary—ride fast—that way—where cold
winds come—"

winds come—"

"Waal, ef I mayn't be sculped by a six-yearold squaw," exclaimed Big Foot, "ef this don't
knock everything else a-kitin'! What's ter do't
Boys, we has got tew split, and two to one we
ain't gobbled up an' lose our ha'r. It's mighty
bad luck tew devide a party, scanty as we are,
but it has got ter be did, an' no lingerin'. Hobble a few o' ther leaders o' them mustangs what
we tuck; I reckon they won't stray fur; pick out
a nag fer Clown an' Larry, an' some critters tew
take on ther lead. Will an' Kit are in the Bandera Hills by this, and the crazy Red Trailer
may strike fer Camp Verdi. That cowardly
Bear Claw will go mighty fast fer ther Gordalupe, afore he draws a rein. We'll all meet at
ther upper ford. Tonk, Clown, Jack an' myself 'll go fer Mollie; Tom, Joe an' Larry yer
must hunt that crazy man. Don't giv' up ther
trail, fer Kit are a boy what Texas can't spare."

The horses captured from the Indians were
driven down the river, some of them hobbled to
keep the drove from straying far, and in fifteen
minutes from the time Big Foot had given his
instructions—for he was the acknowledged leader in all small parties he chanced to be with—
the Rangers waved adios to each other and
were galloping, one party to the north on the
trail of Bear Claw and Mary, the other to the
west after Wild Will and Kit.

The trails being so recently made, and the
animals of Bear Claw and Wild Will carrying
double loads, they were easily followed at a
fast lope by the Rangers.

(To be continued—commenced in No. 436.)

THE SCHOOL-GIRL'S PETITION.

BY COLONEL PRENTISS INGRAHAM

"Mamma, I'm quite accomplished now—
Just think how much I know!
How many, many things I've learned,
Besides to knit and sew.
I know Geography and Globes—
Can read, and write and spell—
Have read most all of History,
And know Grammar as well.
Just hear how nice I speak in French:
Je vous aime, ma tres chere mere—
Comment vous portiz-rous? Je die,
A mon cher petit frere.
Si on me demande "i jouer,
Je commence vientot ma sœur;
Mon cœur est plein de la Musique,
Et j' aime de gratifier les vœux.
"Now pray, mamma, de take me out."

On dtl, que tres jolte je suts— Pourquot ne partez-cous? So bring me out, my dear mamma; I'm just thirteen to-day— And I have learned so very much I long to make display."

Elegant Egbert:

THE GLOVED HAND. A MISSISSIPPI RIVER ROMANCE.

BY PHILIP S. WARNE. AUTHOR OF "TIGEB DICK," "A HARD CROWD,"
"THE KIDNAPPER," ETC., ETC. CHAPTER XX

CHAPTER XX.

MR. CRAIG'S TESTIMONY.

Long Jack was nothing daunted by the belligerent attitude of Felix. Bowing quietly, he again presented the papers.

"Well," said Felix, when he had read the articles relative to the forgery, "you undertake to prove that this boy Wells and Egbert Standone are the same?" hope are the same?"

"Exactly."
And Jack laid before him the notice of the And Jack laid before him the notice of the marriage.
Felix frowned, but said:
"Here is a missing link. Col. Stanhope may have had a son by a former marriage."
"With the peculiarity of hiding his hands?" sneered Long Jack.
"With the peculiarity of hiding his hands?" repeated Felix, sternly, "and from perfectly honorable cause."
"Well, I am prepared to meet that," said the gambler—for Jack had returned to his former mode of life,
"How?"

"By the testimony of living witnesses. In the first place, you will recognize in me the John Boardman in the newspaper account."

"Yes—you seem to have preserved your identity, morally as well as physically!" sneered Felix.

Long Jack shrugged his shoulders.
"To adapt the comfortable doctrine of Mr. Vicar of Wakefield," he laughed, "we're as the Lord made us!" 'Pray proceed with your proof!" urged Felix,

"Pray proceed with your proof!" urged Felix, impatiently.

"As John Boardman, then I am personally and intimately acquainted with Charles J. Wells, alias Egbert Stanhope!"

Felix winced at the thrust underlying Long Jack's words; and Mrs. Cornish cried:

"Oh! that I should live to see a daughter of mine married under an assumed name!"

"Excuse me if I require corroboration to your testimony," said Felix, in reply to Long Jack.

"Quite proper, sir, under the circumstances.
And you shall have it."

"It must be unimpeachable."

"It must be unimpeachable."
"It must be unimpeachable."
"No less trustworthy than that of Messrs.
Craig & Harney—the senior partner, Mr. Edmonds, having died, and the chief clerk having been admitted to partnership with the survi-

Stanhope he might have had hopes of making her Mrs. Craig. And it was this friendship which secured young Wells his position."

"Well?"
"He was also personally acquainted with Dr.
Wells, and after him with Col. Stanhope. He
knows the latter to have had the reputation, at
least, of being a bachelor, and consequently not
likely to have a son whom he would recognize and associate with his daughter, whose le-"
"All of which is very good so far as it goes,"
interrupted Felix, impatiently. "But, sir, your

premises are rather shaky."

"Waiving that, then, suppose it were to be established that the Egbert of our acquaintance bears a striking resemblance to the lamented Dr. Wells, while Adele—"

"Miss Stanhope, if you please!"

"I beg your pardon! While Miss Stanhope as strongly resembles the gallant colonel, the brother and sister having some features in common, would it not appear that the link was through the mother!" through the mother "How recently has Mr. Craig seen the brother and sister?"

The former not for nineteen years—the lat-

ter never."
"Then how can be tell whom they resemble?"
"I am the fortunate possessor of a daguerreotype of the individuals."
"You have a likeness of Miss Stanhope? How did you come possessed of it? I demand it, sir, instantive."

instantly!"

"All in good time. If you wish it after it has answered its purpose, you shall have it."

"But how did you get it?"

"I was shrewd enough to foresee this exigency, not to mention a predilection for the original of the effigy, and, let us say, confiscated it! Now, sir, I purpose to submit this daguerre-otype to the examination of the ancient lover; and you will have the benefit of his unbiased and you will have the benefit of his unbiase judgment."
"When can we see this gentleman?"

"Very well, sir; I attend you. Lead the

way."
Felix got his hat.

"My son, may I not accompany you?" asked Mrs. Cornish.
"Mother, you may trust me now. However this eventuates, I am determined to see the palm of Egbert Stanhope's hand!

"M. Bourdoine, as you have been present during the whole of this affair, I shall be glad of your company, if agreeable to you."
"Merci! (thanks!) my friend. Pray command

The gentlemen went out together, and fifteen minutes later entered the office of the cotton "Are Messrs, Craig & Harney in?" asked Long Jack of the messenger-boy in the outer of

fice.
"Mr. Craig is in his private office," was the reply. "Mr. Harney has not yet returned from

"Mr. Craig is in the process of the Exchange."

"Conduct us to Mr. Craig."

"Conduct us to Mr. Craig."

The boy led the way through to an inner office where sat a man of perhaps sixty years of age. He looked like one who had led a tranquil life, but in his eyes there was a shade of melan-

choly or regret.

"Mr. Craig," said Long Jack, when they had been courteously received and seated, "allow me to introduce myself as John Boardman, and

my friends—"
"Excuse me," interrupted Felix, haughtily.
"For myself not your friend!"
Mr. Craig started in mild surprise.
Long Jack laughed lightly, to mask the real annoyance he felt.
"A designation of no importance," he said.
"These gentlemen are Mr. Cornish, of Memphis, and M. Bourdoine—a cosmopolite, I take it."

Mr. Craig acknowledged the introduction, and waited for the development of the business of his unexpected guests.

"Mr. Craig," began Jack, "I must ask you to go back twenty years to a messenger-boy named Charles J. Wells. Did you employ such

Mr. Craig started and turned slightly pale.

"Yes," he replied.
"He was convicted of forgery as set forth in these papers, published at that time!"
Long Jack laid the papers before the broker.
"He was so convicted," admitted Mr. Craig,

compressing his lips, as if in pain.

"And branded in the palm with the letter F., the rigor of the law being executed upon him because of his obstinate refusal to betray his accomplices or give any clew to the money?"
"Yes, sir."

"In consequence of which not a penny was ever recovered?" was recovered, except what was

on his person."

"Now, sir, you were intimately acquainted with the mother of the boy Wells!"

Again a shadow of pain flitted across the face of the old gentleman. He seemed to struggle a moment; then he said:

"May I ask the purpose of these questions, sir!"

sir?

"It is my wish to fix the identity of the boy, now grown to manhood, and to prevent his imposing upon an honorable family whom he is now seeking to deceive."

After a moment Mr. Craig said: "I knew his mother." And her first husband, Dr. Wells?" 'I was acquainted with him for years."

'She subsequently married a Colonel Stan-

"Were you acquainted with him, so that you

remember his personal appearance? "Perfectly."
"Do you know anything of the Stanhopes subsequent to this marriage? Was there any

offspring?"
"She had a daughter."
"Named—"

"Good!" cried Jack, radiantly. "We are getting on better than I expected. Now, sir, do you know whether Colonel Stanhope had a son

He was a bachelor, sir." "The boy Wells was confined in prison two

"What became of him after that?"
"I know nothing further of him."
"You do not know whether he lived in the house of his step-father?"
"No. Colonel Stanh

"No. Colonel Stanhope left New Orleans about the time the boy's term in prison ex-

"To go North?"

"I do not know. I have lost all track of him and his family for seventeen years."

"He was tall and of commanding presence, with dark hair and eyes, straight nose, firm mouth, and a chin indicative of resolution."

Was he a man calculated to influence women sional success to his magnetic power over the

opposite sex."
"Thank you. Can you now describe Colonel

Stanhope?"

"He was the antipodes of Dr. Wells. He was much smaller, with light hair and blue eyes. He lacked the dignity of the other man, but was so full of stirring, vigorous life that he too easily impressed his will upon others."

"Excuse me for trespassing on your patience so long. I am nearly done. Lastly, what sort of a woman was Mrs. Wells, afterward Mrs. Stanhoue?"

A change passed over Mr. Craig's face. He cleared his throat, as if to relieve that constriction caused by painful memories. He drew his silk handkerchief across his eyes and forebead, and then rubbed it in his hands.
When he spoke, his voice was low, with a ca-

all of whose life was in her love," he said.

reix thought of Adele, and could hardly repress a groan.

"In person," pursued the old man, with a far-away look in his eyes, as if he were describing the phantom his recollection conjured up before him—"in person she was remarkable for delicacy, elegance, refinement. I don't know that I make myself clear; but there are women who in dress and demeanor impress one as the impersonation of a poem. She was to humanity what Parian marble is to art."

But here the old gentleman suddenly checked

But here the old gentleman suddenly checked nimself and actually blushed faintly. Strangers could have little sympathy with his heart-pic-

could have little sympathy with his heart-pictures.

"I beg your pardon, gentlemen," he said.

"Of course you have only to do with her physical appearance. She was rather small, with brown hair of a medium shade, and gray eyes."

"Sir, your descriptions have more than met my expectations," said Long Jack.

He then produced from his pocket a daguerre-otype case, of the style common twenty years ago. Opening it, he screened half the likeness by holding a piece of paper over it, leaving revealed the picture of Adele Stanhope.

At sight of this Felix trembled with anger and pain, and could scarcely restrain the impulse to snatch it from Long Jack's hands.

"What do you think of this picture?" asked the gambler, extending it toward Mr. Craig.

The old gentleman wiped his spectacles and gazed at it in silence, until his eyes grew humid.

"Is it her daughter?" he asked, in a low tone.

"Yes. Does it resemble her?"

"In expression, yes. There is all the gentleness and sensitiveness. Physically she is as much a reproduction of the father as the difference of sex would permit. She has his features exquisitely refined."

"Now sir whet do you think of this?"

ence of sex would perint. She has his result exexquisitely refined."

"Now, sir, what do you think of this?"

And Long Jack drew the paper from before
Egbert, who was represented seated, while
Adele leaned with her peculiar grace on his

shoulder.

"It is her boy," said the old man, in a tone of sadness. "He is the image of his father at that age. She would never be convinced of his guilt; and perhaps it was better so; it would have killed her to believe him unworthy. It is given to few of us to be loved as she loved!"

And the sich that areae to his line was only

And the sigh that arose to his lips was only bartly repressed.

Felix arose, looking stern and pale.

"Mr. Craig," he said, "this is sufficient. We need not longer tresspass upon your time. You have done me a service which I cannot hope or requite—I can only thank you." requite—I can only thank you."
But here the office-boy stuck his head in at

But here the omee-boy stuck his head in at the door and said: "Mr. Harney, sir." A strange smile came to Long Jack's lips, but instantly disappeared.

CHAPTER XXI.

MR. PAUL HARNEY. MR. PAUL HARNEY.

In the doorway stood a man of perhaps fifty years of age. There was a stoop in his shoulders, so that he never held his head erect. He looked out from under his brows with restless eyes; and he had a trick, too, of rubbing his hands one over the other, as if he were washing them.

The characteristic expression of his face was weakness, which was hightened by his sallow complexion.

weakness, which was hightened by his sallow complexion.

"Gentlemen," said Mr. Craig—"my partner, Mr. Harney. These gentlemen are Mr. Boardman—Mr. Cornish—M. Bourdoine."

Mr. Harney had cast one glance round the room, and his bilious countenance had turned a dirty gray. He now acknowledged the introduction with a silent bow.

"Sir, your coming is very opportune," said Long Jack, advancing and extending his hand cordially. "I can hardly consider myself a total stranger to you, though it is now nearly twenty years since I had the honor of meeting you. The dead Past never seems to bury its dead, Mr. Harney. At the most unexpected time and in the most extraordinary way things long forgotten are again dragged to the surface. "But before apprising you of our business, may I submit to your examination a daguerrectype!"

type!"
Mr. Harney had yielded his hand to Long
Jack, rather than taken that of the gambler.
While the latter was speaking, the eyes of the
former had wandered from and returned to the
face of his interlocutor with that uneasiness betrayed by animals when steadfastly gazed at.

Having seated himself, with his elbows resting on the arms of his chair, he took the darence or the arms of the chair, he took the darence of the persons?"

"Do you recognize either of the persons?"

asked Long Jack.

Mr. Harney shook his head slowly from side No," he said, reflectively. "I know no such

"Go back twenty—thirty years."
A pause, and then:
"I can recall no such persons. It is a long way back, sir. And yet—I do not know—there seems something—No. I must have forgotten, if I ever knew such persons."
"Thors was a messagerer boy guilty of for-There was a messenger boy guilty of for-

Long Jack stopped at the sudden interruption, and waited for his hint to work its effect.

Mr. Harney bent more closely over the picture. After a moment, he moistened his lips with his tongue, and then said in a monoton

tone:
"That was a sad case, sir. Is this the picture of Charles Wells? I think I now see a resemblance to his father, who did not live to be pained by his son's fall."

pained by his son's fall."
"That is all I require, sir. It is the picture of Charles J. Wells. It is but fair to you to say that your identification of him may go to frustrate an attempt to insinuate himself into an unsuspecting family as an honest man."
Jack spoke with quiet deliberateness, looking straight at Mr. Harney.
The latter fumbled amid some papers, coughed behind his hand, and then resumed the wringing or washing motion.

or washing motion.

"But the brand in his palm?" he said, constrainedly.

"I should think it an insuperable obtand."

obstacle."

"He cleverly hides it beneath a kid glove, and affects an elegance of attire whose aim is to divest of singularity, as much as may be, the unusual habit of being gloved on all occasions."

Here Felix arose, much disturbed.
"Pray let us bring this to a close," he said. "Gentlemen, allow me to thank you once more.

"But stay! one question, if you please. Had this Charles Wells any other mark on his right hand?"

No, no other mark," replied both of the gen-

'A birthmark, covering the third and fourth Certainly not," asserted Messrs. Craig &

Harney.
"Ah! a birthmark!" muttered Long Jack, ele-

vating his brows.
"Then, by Heaven!" began Felix, but choking with emotion, he left off and started toward the The confined air of the room seemed as if it

would stiffe him.

M. Bourdoine sprung to his side, opened the door and accompanied him to the street.

"Monsieur Corneesh, I am vis you heart and soul!" declared the melodramatic Frenchman.

"Ah Dieu! shall ve note revenge soche treachery! Quelle diablerie! (what flend's-work!) my pupil ze victim—"
"Oh, stop! for God's

"Oh, stop! for God's sake!" cried Felix, wrought to distraction.

Long Jack had stopped to take leave of Messrs. Craig & Harney. He held the hand of

the latter while he said: "The same treachery which led the boy to sk to shift his crime to your shoulders, Mr. Harney, has marked the course of the man. But a just Providence always intervenes to prevent the wicked from prospering. Honest men would be hopelessly at the mercy of sharpers, but for this Omnipotent aid."

Felix thought of Adele, and could hardly re- eyes than his lips, as he gazed at the old cotton

broker.
The dirty gray pallor returned to Mr. Harney's cheeks, as he bowed assent.

ney's cheeks, as he bowed assent. Passing through the outer office, Long Jack indulged in a quiet chuckle.
"Well," he said, when he rejoined M. Bourdoine and Felix on the street, "do you wish the

picture?"
"Most assuredly, yes!" said Felix, almost snatching it from his hand. "It has served your purpose well!"
"I am satisfied with the result," said Long

Jack, complacently. "I have kept my word—have I not?—and satisfied you that Charles J. Wells, alias Egbert Stan—"

"Sir! spare me any discussion of this matter!
You say that you are satisfied with your infamous work. Let it rest, then."

"I believe that a juster designation might be selected for what I have done. However, I am not strenuous on that point. But this slight return, at least, you will not deny me, for having given you an opportunity to transmit to the future line of Cornishes unimpaired cause for pride in—"

pride in—"

"Have a care!" cried Felix, stopping short with blazing eyes and quivering nostrils. "One word against the woman whose picture you have polluted by having it in your possession, and I will shoot you down in your tracks!"

With his wonderful self-possession, Long Jack betrayed no sign of being startled by this outburst; but he quietly cocked the pistol which he carried in his pantaloons pocket, so that it seldom parted company with his hand.

Bowing coolly, he said:

"Far be it from me to say aught derogatory of a lady whom I esteem as highly as you can—"

can—"
"Avoid all reference to her, sir. Commendation from your lips is as distasteful as detrac-

Long Jack's eyes glittered at this repeated snubbing, but he kept his temper. He had an object to attain.

"I return to my request," he said, quietly.

"What is it?" snapped Felix.

"That I may be allowed to be present when you call Charles J. Wells, alias Igbert Stanhope, to account for the fraud he practiced upon you a year ago."

you a year ago."

The double shot went straight home—the deception and the assumed name.
Felix ground his teeth with rage.

"Oh! the infamous scoundrel!" he muttered.
"And he duped me—blind fool!—so easily with his shallow pretange of sensitiveness! By Hea-

"And he duped me—blind fool!—so easily with his shallow pretense of sensitiveness! By Heaven! I'll match his birthmark with a deathmark about which there will be no sham!"

After waiting a few moments, while Felix held flerce self-communion, Long Jack asked:
"May I consider my request granted?"
"Yes, and more! I desire your presence."
"Ah! But I confess I do not see why you should particularly desire it."
"Common justice, for one thing. I insulted you, thinking that I had cause. It is meet that the apology be made in the presence of those who witnessed the affront."
Long Jack came near whistling with surprise. Here was Roman justice with a vengeance. It took him some time 10 digest the new aspect of affairs. Gradually he came to see it in the light of an additional humiliation to Egbert, perhaps, rather than amends to himself.

Presently he asked:
"Where do you wish my attendance?"

Where do you wish my attendance?"
At Riverside."
When!"

The fifteenth of this month." "The boat is due at noon. Allow an hour to reach Riverside. Another hour to the toilet after travel."

Aloud he said:

"'At two in the afternoon."
"I will be punctual."
A pause of a moment, and Long Jack said:
"I presume I can be of no further use to you

"None whatever!" replied Felix, with a heartiness that imparted its meaning to the words.
"Then, sir, until the fifteenth!" The gambler raised his hat with mock courtesy, a sneering smile on his lips.

'M. Bourdoine, au revoir !!'

And he departed.

CHAPTER XXII. A LOW, mocking laugh from the gambler's lips reached Felix Cornish's ears. In his humiliation and pain the lover rested his hand upon M. Bourdoine's shoulder. Here, at least, was a

Ah! mon ami," murmured the Frenchman, "heed note ze jeer of ze rascal. He is bote ze instrument of justice. Parbleu! shall ve quarrel vis ze pot because of ze smut!—bote ve shall

have no ragout visout ze pot!"
Felix's mind was too much occupied to profit by this bit of Bourdoinean philosophy.
"Monsieur," he said, "may I ask you a fa-

"I cannot see my mother in this matter.

must ask you to go to her, and tell her what has transpired." "I am rejoiced at an opportunity to serve n. I vill relieve you of all embarrassment." "Tell her that we start home by the next

boat."
"And, mon ami, shall note I accompany you?
Sangdieu! I shall participate in ze revenge of
ze injury execrable! Ah! ma chere Sibylle!
zat have twine ze tendril of affection around my

heart."

"M. Bourdoine, will you come?"

Touched by this mark of friendship, Felix spoke earnestly and grasped the hand of the Frenchman. renchman.
"Ah! vill I note?" cried M. Bourdoine.
"Grace de dieu! do I live bote for ze service of

my pupil"
Together they returned to the hotel, and while M. Bourdoine sought Mrs. Cornish, Felix went to his own room to wrestle with the greatest affliction that had fallen upon his sunny

From his pocket he drew the daguerreotype which he had received from Long Jack. While he gazed at it he shuddered.

"No! they must not remain side by side," he said. "My love for her would be ever clouded by my hatred of him. She, at least, is pure, though he is vile."

by my natred of min. Stel, at though he is vile."

With his knife he removed the glass and carefully scratched away every portion of Egbert's face and figure, before replacing it in

the case.

"That is typical," he muttered as he contemplated the altered picture. "At her side there is a spot as black as ink. So shall I blot

He clenched his fist with anger; but suddenly he reflected:
"And then! What becomes of her love? Can

she forgive the man who has slain her brother?
Which does she love most?"
He turned pale with sudden dread.
"Adele! Adele!" he moaned, with his hands
over his white face, "must I crush your heart?
Must I kill your love?"
He rose and heran to pace the room fu-He rose and began to pace the room fu-

"You cannot redeem the past. Why spoil your own future? What is required of you? You condone this one evil, and spare yourself, your sister, and Adele—who is innocent of all blame—lives of misery." blame—lives of misery."
But pride uttered one word in reply, in tones

as hard as adamant:

"Ho thought of his long line of ancestors, "without fear and without reproach." They seemed to point to him and say:
"In your time one married a forger—innocently; we do not blam her—but one hid his infamy that he might indulge a selfish pas-sion! Out upon you for a sordid change-There was a strange smile, rather about his ling!

Gazing at the picture, deprecatingly, he plead-

My sister's honor! Can I betray her? Any-And in his agony it seemed strange to him that she could look at him from the glass, with that sweet half-smile, all unmoved.

Then he bowed his face upon the lifeless effigy

All night long he struggled with his grief, and when he came forth in the morning he was as pale as death, yet stermly resolute.

"Mother, are you ready to start?"

"Immediately."

"We will go by the next boat."

Then the mother broke down.

"Oh, my son!"

And she threw her arms about him, sobbing

"There! there! do not give way," he admonished. "There is one who must look to you for an example of self-possession."

"Oh, the disgrace! the disgrace!" moaned the woman, somewhat selfishly.

Think of your daughter's pain," suggested "Felix, you will not think of marrying her, after this?"

after this?"

The young man set his teeth.

"Mother, do not torture me!" he said. "Do you not see what I am suffering?"

The beads of sweat standing on his forehead, the utter woe in his wan face, the terrible despair in his humid, bloodshot eyes, touched the woman that was in her. Leving her head on woman that was in her. Laying her hand on his arm, she said, simply:

"Forgive me!"
He bent and kissed her forehead. Two days later a sad party embarked on a northward bound boat. M. Bourdoine attended to everything. Mrs. Cornish was hysterical and melancholy. Felix was transformed from a happy-go-lucky good fellow to a stern, brood-

ing man.

Long Jack, standing a little aloof on the levee, saw them, and rubbed his hands with malicious Ah! my dear fellow!" he muttered, "You

were going to have have me horswhipped, were you? Well, I'm happier than you are, I'll bet pretty penny!"
(10 be continued—commenced in No. 434,)

The Journal of a Coquette.

BY GARRY GAINES.

It is just killing to see those Robinson girls trying to give people the impression that they don't have to work from necessity, but only for the fun of the thing, when everybody knows old 'Squire Robinson is as poor as a church mouse and has the hardest kind of a time to get along, and the girls have to skimp, and turn, and fix over, and eke their clothes out of almost nothing to look half-way presentable. I haven't a particle of patience with such people, and I just felt like telling Ella Robinson, when she was here this morning, wanting me to join her was here this morning, wanting me to join her class in fancy work, that it would be a good deal more to her credit to be honest, and acknowledge that she was teaching in order to earn some money, than to endeavor to stuff people with forty silly excuses about her having so much leisure time she didn't know what to do with it, that her health wasn't yawy good and much leisure time she didn't know what to do with it—that her health wasn't very good and her ma thought a little class in embroidery would be pleasant pastime and the walk to her pupils' houses would be good exercise! That's about on a par with the story her sister told at different places where she was selling a preparation to clean kid gloves. She wanted it understood that she wasn't obliged to do anything to earn a living—oh, no! it was only for the sake of variety that she had accepted the agency, because she got so tired sitting around home doing nothing, etc., etc. I'm glad she didn't come here to sell her stuff, for I wouldn't have bought a single cent's worth after hearing her silly apologies.

single cent's world and logies.

Of course it's awful to be poor and have to piece down your old dresses from the top with muslin, and be in agony for fear your overskirt will draw up and show where it is pieced, and to trim your hats and bonnets yourself, and wear cheap gloves and shoes, and trust to Providence to make a good appearance and look like other girls, feeling all the time that you don't; but still, it's no disgrace, and if those Robinson girls knew how people laugh at them behind their backs for the pains they take to conceal

girls knew how people laugh at them behind their backs for the pains they take to conceal that they are obliged to work, they wouldn't feel so very complacent, I'll warrant. They say that was the reason Dr. Bolles quit going with Effle Robinson so suddenly—she going with time revolution so studenty—she ranged and talked so largely, and was so profuse with her apologies if he happened to catch her at work when he went there, that he became lisgusted, although at first he had been quite ratter with her

Charlie Foster helped the matter along, too, by drawing her into conversation in company, and getting her to expatiate and boast, and afterward exposing her foolishness. It was a real ean trick to revenge himself on her in that ay, for saying that the reason she always re-sed to dance with him was because he had

fused to dance with him was because he had such big feet that she was afraid he would tear her dress; but, that doesn't excuse her silliness for being ashamed of honorable employment.

Aunt Jane says it's all very well for me to talk, but if pa were to fail in business that I'd be covering up my poverty with plausible stories too, and try to take in sewing on the sly, and jump up and tuck it out of sight whenever any of my fashionable friends called, for fear they'd see I was poor and had to work—just as much as any of the silly fools who haven't gumption enough to know that to be independent and above such subterfuges will commend them to every person whose opinion is worth them to every person whose opinion is worth having! I wonder how she knows so much about me? I'm sure she's not a prophet nor the

having! I wonder how she knows so much about me? I'm sure she's not a prophet nor the son of a prophet.

I old her one day that I thought it would be so nice to have it reported that pa was broken up and not worth anything, just to see how many of my beaux would stand the test and prove faithful if they thought I was poor—just as the heroines do in novels when they want to decide which one loves for themselves; but she said she thought it would be wiser not to try the experiment, as I probably wouldn't feel flattered by the result. I wonder what my adorers would say to that vinegarish insinuation? I guess she needn't talk that way about any of them, for I know John Harris nearly dies of jealousy when he sees me with any one else, and Snodgrass vows his happiest hours are spent with me, and I can get Dick Scott away from any other girl as easily as crooking my finger. Even my little frisky sopnomore who has only been acquainted with me three weeks calls me his "Maid of Athens," and says his life will be a barren desert unless I promise to be his and share with him a vine-clad cot under the sunny skies of Italy, or some such nonsense, I forget whet. So if actions and protestations mean skies of Italy, or some such nonsense, I forget what. So, if actions and protestations mean anything I'm sure I have no reason to fear their

affection is not genuine.

I saw pa and aunt Jane talking together in the parlor this afternoon, very mysteriously and when I went in they stopped, so I'm confident they were talking about me, for afterward I overheard her say something about girls who went clear through the woods rejecting this own. went clear through the woods, rejecting this one and that one, and taking up with a crooked stick at last, and then I heard pa sighthe way he does when he's perplexed and worried about anything. I know the poor old soul is distressing himself about me, and wants me either to give up continued to a soul is distressing the continued of the soul in the so up gentlemen's society altogether or else settle my mind on some one in particular and discard the rest; but, dear me! I can't see any use in being in such a hurry. None of my beaux are going to run away, or die, or leave town, that i

And before his mind's eye rose up the pale, accusing face of his proud sister.

"Coward!" it seemed to say, "dare you leave me in ignorance of my disgrace?"

to suit me, and pa don't reflect that a beau is a different thing from a husband, and that to decide on such a momentous matter requires time. I think I ought to have three years more, at different thing from a husband, and that to decide on such a momentous matter requires time. I think I ought to have three years more, at least, to enjoy myself; and besides, if I were to make up my mind right now, I might happen to fall in love with some other fellow before the wedding, and then that would cause jealousy and make it embarrassing all around; so I think the best way is to let things go on as they are for the present.

CONSUMPTION CURED.

An old physician, retired from practice, having had placed in his hands by an East India missionary the formula of a simple vegetable remedy, for the speedy and permanent cure for consumption, bronchitis, catarrh, asthma, and all throat and lung affections, also a positive and radical cure for nervous debility and all pervous complaints after beginning affective. and radical cure for nervous debility and all nervous complaints, after having tested its wonderful curative powers in thousands of cases, has felt it his duty to make it known to his suffering fellows. Actuated by this motive, and a desire to relieve human suffering, I will send, free of charge, to all who desire it, this recipe, with full directions for preparing and using, in German, French, or English. Sent by mail by addressing with stamp, naming this paper, W. W. Sherar, 149 Powers' Block, Rochester, N. Y.

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CONTENTS OF No. 13. Blue glass,
Come sit by my side, little darling,
Come into the garden,
Maud,
Collinette,
Charlie de Rogers,
Do not heed her warning.

That's where you make the mistake, Farewell, darling, He kissed her and she kissed him, His deeds be forgotten, Irish Molly, O, I think of old Ireland wherever I go, I thought she was an angel,

Tapping at the garden gate, The land of St. Patrick forever, The Waterford boys, Then you'll remember

Kiss me! would you?

"Keep studying,"
Limerick races,
My rattling mare and I,
Never go back on your
friend, me, The kiss in the street, The barp that once thro' Tara's halls, 'Tis home where'er the heart is, will let you in, lly Perkins of Wash-

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SOME RHYMIS BOILED DOWN.

BY JOB JOT, JR.

It's so hot that it well might be felt;
Indeed, it is warmer than felt,
Cucumbers no longer are cool,
And your cicest enemies meit.
The equator has drifted up north,
The temperate zone bas slid out,
Defaulters weaken and run off,
And the chills are no longer about.

Human races are bad things to run—
Most surely in such a straight heat,
Oh, for a cool cell in jail
With icides plenty to eat!
Two or three suns have got loose,
And are playing the mischief to-day;
It's as warm as a fresh cup of tea,
And hotter than pepper, they say.

Cold marble statues perspire, And wooden Indians shrink And wooden indians suring,
And family portraits take off
Their coats and suspiciously blink.
The coolest dead beat in the town
Can warm without hugging the fire;
You find all your old flames renewed
Which coldly long since did expire.

You will say that the heat is too thick, While another would call it too thin, And you'll vow it is ten times more hot Than it ever could be or has been. How grateful we'd be if a rival Would only cast us in the shade! How I wish that I were a glaDlator in some tranquil glace.

You're so hot that you think you have died

And are getting your promised reward
And—boarding-house butter is soft,
An affliction that s awfully hard.
There isn't the breath of a breeze;
Even bellowses give up the ghost;
Your hat doesn't blow off down-street,
But that is what aggravates most.

The sun's beams are plainly heard fall,
And you've got to dodge under a shed;
You must put a cold brick in your hat
For the purpose of cooling your head.
The heat is so dense in the street
That through it I never can walk;
Your voluble words have dried up
Which you'll find when you offer to talk.

Which you had a stall but dry jokes—
Which are hardly the ones you admire;
And potatoes are fried in the sun
Which saves the expense of a fire.
Poets boil over in rhyme
While the editor gets in a stew—
I find that my ink has dried up,
And I think I had best dry up, too.

Tenting in the North Woods;

The Chase of the Great White Stag.

BY C. D. CLARK.

IX. AFTER DUCKS.—HARRY'S LUCKY SHOT.

WHILE these stirring events were passing, where were Harry and Little Hand?
The dug-out, under the strokes of the Indian paddle, soon reached a creek a few miles above the camp, where the ducks made their haunt.

the camp, where the ducks made their haunt.

The opening from the lake was so narrow that it was with difficulty they could push the dugout in. Once inside, however, they found themselves in a broad sea of waving flags, rising six or eight feet above the water, with but a narrow channel, through which the creek found its way to the lake. Harry laid out his double barrel and prepared for work, for he knew that it would not be long before the game would be before them.

The silent paddle of the Indian scarcely seemed to stir the surface of the placid creek, while his eyes were fixed upon the waving stretch of tall flags before him.

Harry, with his gun laid across his knees, sat facing the bow, when there was a sudden rush of many wings, and up rose a great flock of "butterballs." They went speeding away up the stream; but thrice the gun cracked, and five of the flock dropped before the discharge. While the Indian paddled about to pick up the game, Harry inserted another shell and looked about for a shot. He had not long to wait, when, with a loud quank, a great black duck, resplendent with red about the neck and head, came speeding down the creek, high in air. Harry rose upon his knee and slowly brought his gun to bear upon the duck. It was a long his gun to bear upon the duck. It was a long shot, and he hesitated whether or not to waste a shell, when the hunter's instinct overcame him,

and he pulled.

The duck now wheeled and started off at an angle, presenting his side to the hunter's aim, and the second barrel sounded. It was an eighty yard shot, but the duck, stricken even at that distance, folded her wings and plunged headforemost into the tall reeds which lined the

channel.
"He got it that time," announced Harry, de-lighted. "Push the dug-out in there, Little Hand; I want that fellow

By a great effort the Indian crowded the ca noe among the reeds, and reached the duck. As Harry took it in his hand the Indian rose in the cance and looked over the tops of the flags. No sconer had he done so when he sunk out of sight, and caught up his own rifle, which lay in the bottom of the boat.

"Load quick!" he whispered. "Maybe we have fleth rooty soon"

have fight, pooty soon. Harry slipped a shell into each barrel of his gun and brought his belt round so that he could ret at his revolver more readily. Scarcely had he done so when he heard the cautious dip of paddles. Then the sound ceased, and peeping through the flags, Harry could make out the dim outlines of a large cauoe, lying idly on the

"Dey mus' be near by," said a voice which could only belong to a negro. "I heerd de guns go."
"They hev put up this way," declared anoth-

"Don't car' whar dey done gone, but I's boun' ter fine 'em. I don't let up on dem debbles dat lick me wid hick'ries. Dave is arter Abe Stanch-

field, hot blocks, an' I's in duty boun' to fetch in de skulp of dat Injun and de Irisher."

They knew him now. It was Black Joe, the negro, who had been flogged by Larry.

Had the canoe made two or three strokes ahead the canoe made two or three strokes ahead they must have seen the place where the dug-out had been pushed into the shore reeds. But their eyes were turned toward a feeder of the creek which ran up into the land for half a mile or more. As they looked they saw a great flock of ducks come sweeping down from that point, evidently frightened, and it decided them. The dip of the paddles was heard and the canoe receded.

moment the sounds became more faint The moment the sounds became more faint Little Hand caught the reeds and began to drag the canoe out into the channel. Once there he caught up the paddle and headed the canoe down toward the mouth of the creek. Just as he did that the lock of Harry's gun, which was at full cock, was accidentally discharged, and they heard in the distance an angry cry.

"Take a paddle" ordered the Indian. "We mus' go fast now."

"I don't like to run," protested Harry; "but there are times when the bravest men must run.

there are times when the bravest men must run Let them chase us on the open lake if they will, and we can meet them there."

By this time they had reached the mouth of the creek and pushed the dug-out through, and under the united strength of the paddles rapidly

A loud laugh from Harry was the only reply.
"You'd better stop, or it will be the worse
for you!" cried the second man. "We've got a bone to pick with you.

With yells of rage the villains bent to their paddles, and in spite of the skill of the Indian, aided by the strength of the young man, the large cance began to gain.

"I cut your heart out, you white man, you mine dat!" screamed the negro.

"Don't you think you'd better catch a fox before you skin him?" howled Harry. Then in a lower tone: "I say, Little Hand; I can stop that cance. Some of them may get hurt, but I don't care so much for that."

"You no kill dem, dey kill you."

"Keep her going, then," said Harry. "I'll give them such a start as they never had before,"

"He took up his rifle, which lay beside that of the Indian in the bottom of the cance, and taking a small box from his pocket, he extracted a strange-looking cylindrical shell which he inserted in the breech-loader. Then, bringing it slowly to his shoulder, he took careful aim, not at any of the men in the cance, but at the cance itself.

"Like her fascinating father, I presume?"

"You presume a great deal too good for you with your puppyish airs. But you will marry her, mind."

"Thanks. Anything else?"

"Yes, a great deal else. If you don't regard my wishes in this matter, you can just look out for yourself, that is all. I'll not help you any more."

Mr. Aubrey Peniston here rose from his chair in magnificent wrath. "Now, see here, father." he said, dropping his supercilious airs, and speaking earnestly, "I don't think this is fair. If there's one thing I despise, it's marrying a girl for money. It is the meanest thing a man can do. I'd no more go hunting this girl because she has money than I'd cut off my right hand. And I'm sure you would never do such a thing yourself."

"Well, but, Aubrey, this is different. You will have some money yourself by and-by, and besides the cirl is well worth. at any of the men in the canoe, but at the canoe

itself.

He pulled.

They heard a tearing sound as the missile struck the canoe, accompanied by a loud explosion, and a gaping rent showed itself in the side of the canoe, and she began to sink at once.

"Shall I give them another?" asked Harry, as loaded again.

"Shall I give them another;" asked harry, as he loaded again.

"No, no; it is enough. See, the canoe sinks!" He was right. The canoe gave a lurch and the party were seen struggling in the water, uttering cries of terror, and abandoning everything in the mad desire to escape. Guns, ammunition, everything they valued most, were lost in an instant, and they were seen swimming rapidly toward the shore.

pidly toward the shore.
"We ought to go and knock them on the head," declared Harry, "but we will not do it. I don't think they will trouble us again, Little

The Indian shook his head, for he knew the vindictive natures of this class of men. But he continued to paddle on, and in half an hour they

"We break camp right away," said Little Hand; "fine 'nother place. Dis no good now."
"I think you are right," admitted Harry.
"We might and probably would beat them in the end, but some of us might get hurt, and it would not pay. I wish Abe and Arthur were

They come in soon," declared the Indian. "We pack up now, so be ready."
The tent was struck and divided at once, for it had been made in such a way that it could be divided for carrying purposes. All the other articles for use in the camp were also divided

and packed in the same way, and in an hour all was ready. Scarcely was this done when Arthur and the guide came in on a run, and looked pleased when they saw what had been done. "We'll change the plan a little," said the guide. "Come around me, and I'll tell you."

Night came and the tent had again been set up and gleamed white under the rays of the moon. In the forest outside lurked the bloody band of villains who had so long disgraced the woods by their presence, waiting for the time to come when they could rush in and surprise the sleeping men. Abe and Arthur gone, they did not look for much trouble with the other three. The ruffians had been joined by Dave Thompson and the others who were with him, and he heard with rage of the fate of the canoe before the explosive shell from Harry's rifle. "Never mind, Joe," he said, placating the negro, who fairly foamed with rage while recounting the event. "I've fixed the man I hated most of all and I'll help you to fix the rest." "Le's go fur them now!" hissed Joe. "Ise mos' crazy till I git a chance at dat man dat free de canoe all to pieces. I loss my rifle an' powder-horn, an' Ise got to hab dat one." "All right! But, wait awhile, my beauty. Let 'em get sound asleep an' we'll fix 'em." At last they thought the time had come, and creeping out with Indian caution they began their gradual approach. There was murder in their hearts, and indeed there was not a man among them who had not at some time shed human blood. Villains to the core, they would

among them who had not at some time shed human blood. Villains to the core, they would have killed every one in the camp for the mere love of plunder, but now they had injuries to

evenge.

Crawling like snakes, the few who had rifles in advance, while the rest followed, grasping their pistols and knives, they came nearer and nearer to the tent. Not a sound was heard, and the closely-drawn curtain at the door did not

All at once there rose on the clear air the cry of a night-hawk—the signal for attack, and they sprung up and charged together, Dave Thompson leading the advance with his rifle ready. They dashed into the tent unopposed, and—

Words cannot paint their rage. They raved round the place, tearing down the canvas walls, and gnashing their teeth in a rage as they realized that their prey had escaped them. "But, it won't be long before I settle," hissed Dave Thompson. "Early in the morning we'll take the trail."

Just then there thundered by, in the white moonlight, the form of the Great White Stag!
(To be continued—commenced in No. 482.)

The Biter Bitten.

BY JESSIE CAMERON.

MR. AUBREY PENISTON was in a very bad tem-

MR. AUBREY PENISTON was in a very bad temper. He had just finished reading the "Virginians," and felt extremely cynical. He looked with a lofty contempt on this vain world, and longed indefinitely after something great and good and pure.

"Dear little Theo," he murmured, recalling the image of that gentle heroine. "Wasn't she a sweet little soul? Wish I could find some one just like her. Fancy a fellow marrying for money when there are little angels like Theo in the world!"

Just as Mr. Aubrey's cynical feelings had found a legitimate subject for righteous wrath, on mercenary marriages, his unfortunate father upproached him with that same inappropriate which is heard. ect in hand.

Aubrey," he said, "do you remember Benning?"
"Think I do, sir. Remarkably homely party, wasn't he? Had bright pink eyes and hair, and a whopping nose. Seen him lately, sir?"
"Not very likely. He died in California, four

years ago."
"Ah! Friend of yours, wasn't he?"
"Best friend I ever had. Ahem-m-m. He

the canoe are there he canoe Just as think you can get it if you will try."

"Best Triend I ever had. Ahem-m-m. He left a lot of money, Aubrey."

"Did he, sir? It is very gratifying to me to know it, seeing he didn't leave it to me."

Here was an opportunity. Mr. Peniston laughed as he rejoined:

"But he left you a chance for it, Aubrey. I think you can get it if you will try."

"HOW SO!"
"Why, you see, Benning and I were great friends always. He married a year or two after I did—just about the time you were born and your poor mother died. And a little while after he went to California. We never forgot our friendship, and corresponded regularly. The very last letter the poor fellow wrote me was to say that he left his wife and daughter to my care, and that nothing would please him so much as to hope that Clara might some day become my daughter-in-law. Understand, Au-

under the united strength of the paddles rapidly receded from the shore, when they saw the canoe pushing out of the channel, and they saw that it contained four men. In the bow, using his paddle with giant strength, was Black Joe.

"Hole on dar!" he cried. "Want to hab a little conversation wid you."

"Well, Mrs. Benning and her girls came from California while you were away at college. I went down to Belford, their native place, and saw them comfortably settled, and have looked after them ever since. I have not told you of after them ever since. I have not told you of this before, as I thought perhaps it might unyou!" cried the second man. "We've got a this before, as I thought perhaps it highes the topick with you."

What do you want?" demanded Harry. 'What do you want?" demanded Harry. 'Want to talk with you," was answered back. 'Want to talk with you," was answered back. 'And I'm not Bernard Burton at all, but Autory at all. I'm Clara Benning. It's Mollie's fault."

'Why, I meant to tell you, I'm not Lify Benning. It's Mollie's fault."

She may be alive yet; and if she is, she is without a doubt connected with some of the nubrey Peniston. Ha! ha! ha-a-a! We are caught now, Clara!"

"And I'm not Bernard Burton at all, but Autory brey Peniston. Ha! ha! ha-a-a! We are caught now, Clara!"

West.

well, and resolved to give him a chance. At last he said:

"Well, Aubrey, you generally behave pretty well, so I will not mind your airs this time. I will give you a month to consider this. At the end of that time I shall expect you to present yourself with me at Mrs. Benning's. Goodwicht"

"Dear Old Fellow:
"Dear Old Fellow:
"Want to see you Can I come down for a day or
two? The governor wants me to marry some confounded girl with a lot of money. Her name is
Clara Fenning—know her? She lives in Belford,
about twenty miles from you, I think. I want to
get rid of her. Answer at once."

Ellis's sister Mary received a letter by the same train that brought Aubrey's. Hers ran in

"DARLING, DEAREST MOLLIE:
"You always promised to help me if I ever got into trouble, didn't you? Well, I'm introuble now. Mamma told me this morning I am to marry some horrid fellow I don't know. My father and his arranged the match when we were children. His name is Aubrey Peniston, and he's coming down here in a month with his father. I know I sha'n't like him. Dearest Mollie, can I come over to see you? I long to lay my head on your shoulder, and we will cry together, darling. I think men are horrid. Write at once to your broken-hearted

John Ellis and his sister Mary lived in Carlton, with their widowed mother. John had been at college with Aubrey Peniston, and now enjoyed the post of friend and confidential adviser to that gentleman. John's sister Mary was his confidential adviser. To her John took the note. "He's in a bad way, Mollie, isn't he? Can you manage to accommodate him for a day

or two?"

"I think so," replied Mollie. "Ha! ha! ha!"
and Miss Mollie indulged in a fit of unseemly
and apparently unprovoked merriment.

John, dying with curiosity, affected great

and laughed, too.
"Oh, the two fools!" exclaimed Mollie, at length; "they will be sure to fall in love the minute they see each other. Let us play them

John agreed, and the trick was wickedly

John agreed, and the trick was wickedly planned. Mollie wrote to Clara Benning, intimating that her sympathizing shoulder would be at her disposal on the following Tuesday. John wrote to Aubrey Peniston that he would be glad to see him on Wednesday.

On Tuesday Miss Benning arrived, looking respectively levely for a weekeyney and heartmarkably lovely for a woe-begone and heart-broken damsel. She poured her sorrows into Mollie's friendly ear, and received an astonish-

"Clara dear," began Mollie, in a tone of impressive mystery, "I have the queerest thing to tell you. That very gentleman, Mr. Aubrey Peniston, is coming down here in a week or two to visit the Wilmots. He used to go to college with Jack Wilmot, so Mab tells me, so you are over to see him."

"lsn't this dreadful! I'll go right home.
Where is my hat?"

knows you are coming, and all you have to do is to change your name. Then you can see the wretch without his seeing you, and you can tell your mother how horrid he is, and she will never want you to marry a man you can't like. Isn't it a lovely plan? Now, Miss Lily Bell, just make yourself easy. I'll manage things."

"But somebody will find out."

your mother how horrid he is, and she will never want you to marry a man you can't like. Isn't it a lovely plan? Now, Miss Lily Bell, just make yourself easy. I'll manage things."

"But somebody will find out."

"Not at all. I had to tell John, of course, for he is so sharp he would be sure to find out. But mother doesn't know you from Adam, and she has often heard me speak of Lily Bell. We will have an elegant time, just four of us, so nice for croquet."

will have an expansion of the fourth?"

"Four! Who is the fourth?"

"Oh, I forgot!" (wicked Mollie!) "There is a friend of John's, a Mr. Bernard Burton, coming the firm to morrow. He is a real nice fellow Jack two or three weeks." down to-morrow. He is a real nice fellow Jack says, and he will stay two or three weeks." Innocent Clara, desirous of secretly beholding her hobgoblin, fell into the trap, and meekly as-

sumed the name of Lily Bell.

The next afternoon John Ellis went to the station to meet his friend. When they reached the house the girls had gone walking, so the two had time for confidential heart-revealings be-

'Isn't this a beastly trick of the governor's, ck?" inquired Aubrey.
'Sort of mean. Ever seen the girl?"

Idoyd say the other day his sisters "".

"Well, clara, you're a nice girl, when she comes "

"Well, she will have me in spite of myself. Is she strong and able-bodied? I must clear out so it is Clara. Why didn't you tell me Clara.

""Well, Clara, you're a nice girl, when she comes "

"Clara!" exclaimed Mr. Peniston. "Why, so it is Clara. Why didn't you tell me Clara.

Is she strong and able-bodied? I must clear out of this when she comes."

"No, you needn't. I've been thinking it would be a good chance for you to get a look at her without making yourself known."

"How could I?"

"Easiest thing in the world. Just change your name. Nobody here knows you. I will introduce you to mother and Mollie as Bernard Burton, a fellow they have heard me speak of often, and nobody will ever know. What do what does Mr. Peniston. "Why, so it is Clara. Why didn't you tell me Clara was here, Aubrey?"

"Clara here? Clara who? This is Miss Lily Bell, sir."

"Get out with your nonsense; it is Clara Benning. Lily Bell, indeed!"

"Mamma," wailed Clara, "what does it all mean? What does Mr. Peniston. "Why, so it is Clara who? This is Miss Lily Bell, sir."

"Get out with your nonsense; it is Clara Benning. Lily Bell, indeed!"

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"Get out with your nonsense; it is Clara Benning. Lily Bell, indeed!"

"Mamma," wailed Clara, "what does it all mean? What does Mr. Peniston.

you say?"

"Looks pretty nice. Think you could manage to carry it through? I'd like to see the girl, I must confess. 'Twould appease the governor, you know, to say I'd seen her, and could not you know, to say I'd seen her, and could not will like her."

"Bernard," flercely inquired Lily, "what does it mean?"

"Lily," rejoined Bernard, "what does it mean?"

"Why, I meant to tell you, I'm not Lily Bell

"Like her fascinating father, I presume?"

"You presume a great deal too much, sir. She is a great deal too good for you with your puppyish airs. But you will marry her, mund."

"Thanks. Anything else?"

"Yes, a great deal else. If you don't regard my wishes in this matter, you can just look out for yourself, that is all. I'll not help you any more."

Mr. Aubrey Peniston here rose from his chair in magnificent wrath. "Now, see here, father, he said, dropping his supercilious airs, and speaking earnestly, "It don't think this is fair. If there's one thing I despise, it's marrying a girl for money. It is the meanest thing a man can do. I'd no more go hunting this girl because she has money than I'd cut off my right hand. And I'm sure you would never do such a thing yourself."

"Well, but, Aubrey, this is different. You will have some money yourself by-and-by, and besides, the girl is well worth winning, without a cent to her fortune."

"All the same, it's a put-up job, and I don't like it, and I won't have anything to do with it."

I dare say, if the proposition made to our hero had come when he was in a milder mood, it would not have seemed so hideous. But in his present lofty frame of mind, a mercenary marriage seemed horrible. And then the threat. Never, no, never, would he submit, never descend to such baseness.

But Mr. Peniston knew his temper pretty well, and resolved to give him a chance. At last he said:

"Well, Aubrey, you generally behave pretty well so I will not mind your airs this time."

"So I have. But there is a friend of hers here now, a nice little thing. Think you will like her. Remember your name now."

But Aubrey forgot his mame and everything else he had ever known as soon as his eyes fell on the enchanting vision before him. Mollie Ellis, with her heavenly-boue eyes, complexion like albaster, and har rippling brown hair was lovely enough in all conscience, but her beauty paled before that of her companion, whose rown leaves when the aset in magnificent write. All so he as a friend of hers

lady."

"Thanks. But I think there is something more than galantry in your bad playing. Suppose you were to take aim occasionally?"

"She despises me," bitterly reflected Bernard.

"I'll beat her now; that is the way to manage women."

women."

With this sage reflection, he began to play in good earnest. A well-matched game began, which lasted well into the twilight. Farmer Bacon, leaning over the fence, hoe in hand, indulged in one of those bovine facetize to the perpetration of which the rural mind is prone.

"Tell you what I'll do," he confidentially remarked to his mustache, as he carefully waxed that interesting adornment; "I'll go down and see Ellis. Write to him this morning."

Here is the affecting epistle that reached his friend, John Ellis, that evening:

"Dear Old Fellow:
"Want to see you Caput."

with a specially impressive leer. "Gives young folks a fust-rate chance fer spoonin."

"Just where you are wrong, Mr. Bacon," replied John Ellis. "There's no spooning allowed here. It is against the rules of the game."

"Is it, now? Croky must be putty flat work under them circumstances. I'd break them rules ef I was you. Wot's the good of a game that don't allow no sparkin'?"

In spite of the declaration made to farmer Bacon, I am afraid that a good deal of what is vulgarly called "spooning" went on on that "croky" ground, and elsewhere during the next fortnight. What more natural when Bernard Burton and Lily Bell were very much in love with each other? John and Mollie Ellis enjoyed the joke immensely, and resolved to let the plot work itself out. When inquiries were instituted as to the non-appearance of Aubrey Peniston and Clara Benning at Wilmot's and Lloyd's, it was easy enough to find that their visits had been delayed a little.

One evening, about three weeks after his arrival, Bernard found pretty Lily in the garden, with very red eyes, and dejected mien. He wished to comfort her, but felt embarrassed. He gently drew her little hand within his arm, and hoped she was not in trouble.

and hoped she was not in trouble.
Oh, yes, she was, in great trouble.
Could he do anything to comfort her? She knew, he hoped, that he would do anything in

the world even to please her.

In view of the fact that she then had in her pocket a letter from her flinty mother insisting on her immediate return, Lily was of opinion that there was no more comfort for her in this world, now that she had to go home and meet that abominable Mr. Peniston. She could not very well confide the cause of her was to a lower and Miss Mollie indulged in a fit of unseemly and apparently unprovoked merriment.

John, dying with curiosity, affected great severity.

"Stop this nonsense, Mollie," he exclaimed.
"What are you cackling for, anyway?"

"Why, John, it is most ridiculous. Here is Clary coming down here to get rid of him! Just read her note."

John read the note, forgot his superior gravity, and laughed, too.

"Oh, the two fools!" exclaimed Mollie, at length; "they will be sure to fall in love the minute they see each other. Let us play them

"Now will not rehearse the cause of her woe to a lover who had not yet declared himself, but she sobbed, and quietly intimated that her brief day of happiness was past, and nothing but misery shrouded her future. And she was going away."

"Going away!" Bernard's heart sunk like lead. He turned pale. Her eyes met his, startled, and full of anxious love—and all the tale was told. I will not rehearse the tender scene, but I will repeat a sentence or two I heard half an hour afterward.

"Now will not not very well confide the cause of her woe to a lover who had not yet declared himself, but she sobbed, and quietly intimated that her brief day of happiness was past, and nothing but misery shrouded her future. And she was going away."

"Going away!" Bernard's heart sunk like lead. He turned pale. Her eyes met his, startled, and full of anxious love—and all the all was told. I will not rehearse the tender scene, but I will repeat a sentence or two I heard half an hour afterward.

"Now will not my darling the could not very well confide the cause of her woe to a lover who had not yet declared himself, but she sobbed, and quietly intimated that her brief day of happiness was past, and nothing but misery shrouded her future. And she was going away."

"Now will not rehears the transfer of half and not rehears the total that her brief day of happiness was past, and nothing but misery shrouded her future. And she was going away."

"Now will not rehears the transfer of half and not rehears the sunk like l

was crying about just now?"
"Oh, it is too ridiculous."
"Ridiculous? It was not ridiculous then." "But it is now. Don't you think—mamma wants me—to marry a horrid man I've never seen. And I will not."

seen. And I will not."

"I rather think not." Here followed a performance for which language hath no equivalent. Then Bernard continued: "Now, isn't it curious? My father wanted me to marry a girl I have never seen. Think I will, now? Will your mother be angry, pet?"

"I expect so. Will your father?"

"Won't he, just! He will disinherit me, Can

'Won't he, just! He will disinherit me. Can you marry a poor man, darling?"
"To be sure, and love you all the better. Oh,

don't you hate mercenary people?"
Revelations might have been made just here, had not Mollie come dancing down the garden,

to call the truants in.

Next morning, two very firm and affecting epistles were dispatched by Bernard and Ialy to Mr. Peniston and Mrs. Benning. The writers Where is my hat?"

"You'll not do any such thing. I have the loveliest plan. Nobody here knows you, and no one shall. All the girls know your name, of course, for I've often talked of you, but as they haven't seen you they will never know the difference; and I have not told a soul, so nobody knows you are coming, and all you have to do its to change your name. Then you can see the ably pledged to peculiarly bright and beautifu specimens of humanity, and that no earthly power would induce them to listen to any sug gestion of marriage with Clara Benning and Aubrey Peniston. The letters concluded with

> visiting at the same house, and yet neither had mentioned the other. Aubrey, to be sure, was not given to verbosity in his epistles, but surely not given to verbosity in his epistles, but surely it was singular he had not even mentioned the presence of the girl he detested. But, Clara, after the manner of girls, was communicative, and on such a theme as the presence of her mercenary lover could not possibly be silent. Mrs. Benning mused, and spoke.
>
> "Mr. Peniston," she said, "there is something very singular in all this. Suppose we just go down at once to Carlton, and find out what it all means. The train leaves in an hour. The distonce is only twenty miles; we shall be there

all means. The train leaves in an hour. The distance is only twenty miles; we shall be there by half-past eight."

Mr. Peniston agreed, and the two set out.

Trivial accidents had prevented the lovers from making explanations, and on the evening of the arrival of their incensed parents, they were sitting, still as Bernard and Lily, over a game of cribbage. Presently a carriage came up the drive. Two persons got out, and rapped at the door. Some talking was done, and the visitors came up-stairs.

"Sort of mean. Ever seen the girl?"

"No. I'll bet you she is red-headed and ugly like her father. Saw him once."

"Do you know, I believe I've seen her."

"You don't say! Where?"

"You say she lives in Belford? Well, there was a girl by the name of Clara Benning, from that very place, visiting the Lloyds when we moved here last summer. And I heard Bob Lloyd say the other day his sisters were expecting her again in a week or two."

"Well, Clara, you're a nice girl," broke out Mrs. Benning.

Bell, sir."

"Get out with your nonsense; it is Clara Benning. Lily Bell, indeed!"

"Mamma," wailed Clara, "what does it all mean? What does Mr. Peniston mean by knowing Bernard, and calling him Aubrey?"

"Calling who Aubrey? Why, his son Aubrey, to be sure. And who is Bernard?"

"Bernard," flercely inquired Lily, "what does it mean?"

mean?"
"Why, I meant to tell you, I'm not Lily Bell
"Why, I meant to tell you, I'm not Lily Bell
"Barring It's Mollie's fault."

"Ho, ho, ho-o-o! Haw, haw, haw-aw-aw!" guffawed John Ellis and Mr. Peniston in chorus. "Ha, ha-a-a-a! Oh, my! Oh-h-h!" wailed the

girls.

"Oh, my! here's a lark," groaned Aubrey, at last. "Clara, my bird, let me present you to my father as his fraudulent daughter-in-law, that is to be. What a sell! All right, father, isn't it? Ha, ha, ha, ha-a-a!"

"Haw, haw!" responded Mr. Peniston.
"You're caught this time, my boy. Come and kiss me, Clara, and tell me how it all happened."
There is no more to tell you, reader, but that after explanations were made everybody was satisfied. And there was a double wedding, for Mrs. Benning took nits, on Mrs. Peniston! satisfied. And there was a double wedding, for Mrs. Benning took pity on Mr. Peniston!

The Little Greaser.

BY FRANK DAVES.

A DANGEROUS man was the Little Greaser, for that was the name he was commonly known by, although he said his name was Vasco La Vega. He was a small slender man of Mexican birth, hence his title.

When he was present, he was addressed with more respect, for he was the wrong man to insult. Irritable, quick and sure with revolver or knife, he had to be handled rather tenderly.

Nobody knew who he was, or from whence he

he had to be handled rather tenderly.

Nobody knew who he was, or from whence he came, further than that he bore the outward marks of a Mexican. He was not a laboring man, seldom gambled, and yet he always had plenty of money, and he spent it like a prince. It was suspected awhile that he was connected with some band of robbers, but as he could be found at all hours, day or night in or about be found at all hours, day or night, in or about the Occidental Hotel, that idea had to be aban-

He had already killed three men, and all parties treated him with that profound respect that is always paid to a desperate character in the Far

I frequently saw him in the streets and sa-loons, and observed that he was very fancy and effeminate; courteous to all who treated him with courtesy.
One night I was in a gambling den on Main

street, and was surprised to see the Little Greaser become excited at the entrance of a I observed the stranger closely; and although he had a look of stern resolution, there was nothing in the least to indicate a bad or quarrel-

In a few minutes the Little Greaser invited the stranger up to the bar, and they drank to-gether. They then adjourned to a card-table,

and began a game of poker.

I observed them closely, for I knew something was wrong, and that trouble was brewing.

"Who is that stranger, playing with the Little Greaser?" I inquired of Happy Jo, the bartander.

tle Greaser? I inquired of Happy Jo, the bartender.

"That man," replied he, "that man is Judge Cox, from Julesburg. He formerly lived here, and was Judge Lynch when Black Pedro's murdering gang was cleaned out. And a good thing it was, too, for this community, for they were the worst set of outlaws and road-agents that ever infested this country. Black Pedro himself was hung just over yonder, back of town; and since then we have had no trouble to speak of, only an occasional difficulty of a private nature between gentlemen; but no wholesale robbery and throat-cutting, like there used to be in Black Pedro's time."

A party called for drinks, and I turned away, observing as I did so that the Little Greaser was rapidly winning money from the judge.

An hour passed, and the game was finished; and as they arose from the table, I heard the judge remark that he was "bu'sted."

"Then you had better take a drink and die," said Vasco, with a short laugh.
"I am willing to take a drink, but not to die."

"Then you had better take a drink and die," said Vasco, with a short laugh.
"I am willing to take a drink, but not to die," replied the judge, unheeding the menace in the tone of the Little Greaser.
"Maybe you will do both," said Vasco.
"No, no," laughingly replied the judge; "I don't want to die."
"Neither did..."

But the sentence was never finished, for the Little Greaser seemed to strangle the name in

"Take a drink?"
"Yes," replied the judge.
"What is it?" inquired the urbane bar-tender, with a smile meant to be very fascinating.
"Whisky, of course," replied the judge, filling the glass and finishing the contents at one swallow. The Little Greaser swallowed his; and as he

"So you are Judge Lynch?"
"I formerly was," replied that worthy, with a note of pride in his tone.

"Then I will send you to a higher court," said the Little Greaser, drawing a derringer quick as a flash and shooting the judge through the eart.
The Little Greaser then bounded out at the

door, and in a moment was gone.

Hundreds of men were in a few minutes flying in every direction, looking for him; for the judge was a man of some consequence, and he was killed without the slightest provocation.
The people of Deadwood are a lively people, and now that there was a chance to hang a man, and a Greaser at that, everybody was out

looking for the murderer.

I confess to having felt some interest in his capture, myself; and as he was not found that night, I enlisted in a company organized the next morning for prosecuting the search systematically.

A leader was chosen; and at sun-up we mounted, twenty of us in all, and rode away to the south-east—parties having gone on every other

Two whole days we rode steadily on; for we

trail.

Two whole days we rode steadily on; for we had struck his trail, and were determined to follow it as long as there was any prospect of finding him—and capture him if it took a month.

Early on the morning of the third day we struck "good sign;" and about nine o'clock we came in sight of a horseman. We gave chase, and rapidly gained on him. One of the party had a field-glass; and he pronounced the man to be the Little Greaser.

We now spurred up our jaded horses, and in an hour were in hailing distance of him. We called to him to surrender, but received only a derisive laugh in reply. We now put our horses to their best speed; but to our surprise, as we came over a swell in the prairie, we saw the fugitive disappear in a little cabin, which seemed to have sprung up especially for his protection.

We rode up to the cabin, and called for an unconditional surrender. In reply two rifle-shots rung out, and two of our number fell dead.

We then retired and held a council of wer. It was evident that the besieged would resist to the death.

We determined on a desperate charge. We

We determined on a desperate charge. We knew that death would visit some of our number, but it seemed the only chance.

We then mounted and encircled the cabin;

and at a signal from our leader, dashed up and burst the door in. To our surprise, not a soul vas to be found.

The floor was torn up; and the mystery was evenled. There was a tunnel leading from the We rushed out, and found the terminus of the

tunnel in a little bollow or ravine, about one bundred and fifty yards from the cabin. Here we also found a note, which ran thus: "I am Black Pedro's wife, and I have been at the death of four of his murderers; and will yet live to be revenged on two more of them."

This explained it all. Our further search was fruitless. The Little Greaser was never seen again by the people of Deadwood; although two mysterious murders, which occurred in the next three months, were attributed to him—for it was in male disguise that we knew her.

She may be alive yet; and if she is, she is without a doubt connected with some of the nu-